

THE

# LIBERTY MINSTREL.



When the striving of surges  
Is mad on the main,  
Like the charge of a column  
Of plumes on the plain,  
When the thunder is up  
From his cloud cradled sleep  
And the tempest is treading  
The paths of the deep—

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,  
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free?"

BY

GEO. W. CLARK.

SIXTH EDITION.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

1846.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1844, by

GEORGE W. CLARK,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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## P R E F A C E.

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ALL creation is musical—all nature speaks the language of song.

‘There’s music in the sighing of a reed,  
There’s music in the gushing of a rill ;  
There’s music in *all things*, if man had ears ;  
The earth is but an *echo* of the spheres.’

And who is not moved by music ? “ who ever despises music,” says Martin Luther, “ I am displeased with him.”

‘There is a charm—a power that sways the breast,  
Bids every passion revel, or be still ;  
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves ;  
Can soothe *destruction*, and *almost soothes despair*.’

That music is capable of accomplishing vast good, and that it is a source of the most elevated and refined enjoyment when rightly cultivated and practiced, no one who understands its power or has observed its effects, will for a moment deny.

‘Thou, O music ! canst assuage the pain and heal the wound  
That hath defied the skill of sager comforters ;  
Thou dost restrain each wild emotion,  
Thou dost the rage of fiercest passions chill,  
Or lightest up the flames of holy fire,  
As through the soul thy strains harmonious thrill.

Who does not desire to see the day when music in this country, cultivated and practised by ALL—music of a chaste, refined and elevated style, shall go forth with its angel voice, like a spirit of love upon the wind, exerting upon all classes of society a rich and healthful moral influence. When its wonderful power shall be made to subserve every righteous cause—to aid every humane effort for the promotion of man’s social, civil and religious well-being.

It has been observed by travellers, that after a short residence in almost any of the cities of the eastern world, one would fancy “ every second person a musician.” During the night, the streets of these cities, particularly Rome, the capitol of Italy, are filled with all sorts of minstrelsy, and the ear is agreeably greeted with a perpetual confluence of sweet sounds. A Scotch traveller, in passing through one of the most delightful villas of Rome, overheard a stone-mason chanting something in a strain of peculiar melancholy; and on inquiry, ascertained it to be the “ *Lament of Tasso*.” He soon learned that this celebrated piece was familiar to all the common people. Torquato Tasso was an Italian poet of great merit, who

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was for many years deprived of liberty, and subjected to severe trials and misfortunes by the jealousy and cruelty of his patron, the Duke of Ferrara. That master-piece of music, so justly admired and so much sung by the high and low throughout all Italy, had its origin in the wrongs of Tasso. An ardent love of humanity—a deep consciousness of the injustice of slavery—a heart full of sympathy for the oppressed, and a due appreciation of the blessings of freedom, has given birth to the poetry comprising this volume. I have long desired to see these sentiments of love, of sympathy, of justice and humanity, so beautifully expressed in poetic measure, ~~ombalmed~~ in sweet music; so that *all the people*—the rich, the poor, the young, and the old, who have hearts to feel, and tongues to move, may sing of the wrongs of slavery, and the blessings of liberty, until every human being shall recognise in his fellow *an equal*;—“a *MAN* and a *BROTHER*.” Until by familiarity with these sentiments, and their influence upon their *hearts*, *the people*, whose *duty it is*, shall “undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free.”

I announced, sometime since, my intention of publishing such a work. Many have been impatiently waiting its appearance. I should have been glad to have issued it and scattered it like leaves of the forest over the land, long ago, but circumstances which I could not control, have prevented. I purpose to enlarge the work from time to time, as circumstances may require.

Let associations of singers, having the love of liberty in their hearts, be immediately formed in every community. Let them study thoroughly, and make themselves perfectly familiar with both the poetry and the music, and enter into the *sentiment* of the piece they perform, that they may *impress it* upon their hearers. Above all things, let the enunciation of every word be *clear* and *distinct*. Most of the singing of the present day, is entirely too artificial, stiff and mechanical. It should be easy and natural; flowing directly from the soul of the performer, without affectation or display; and then singing will answer its true end, and not only please the *ear*, but affect and improve the *heart*.

To the true friends of universal freedom, the *LIBERTY MINSTREL* is respectfully dedicated.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1844.

G. W. CLARK.

## LIBERTY MINSTREL.

## GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. Clark.

1. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

2. Gone, gone—sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the

lone, There no moth - er's eye is near them, There no

noi-some in - sect stings, Where the fe - ver de - mon

mother's ear can hear them; Never when the torturing

strews Poi - son with the fall - ing dews, Where the  
 lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick - ly sunbeams glare Through the hot and mis - ty  
 mother's kindness bless them, Or a mother's arms caress.

air,— Gone, gone— sold and gone, To the  
 them. Gone, gone— sold and gone, To the

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and  
 rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and

wa-ters,— Woe is me my sto - len daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and rack'd with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again—  
There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
There no father's welcome meet them.—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play—  
From the cool spring where they drank—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there.—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the Spoiler's prey ;  
Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
And the fetter galls no more !—*Gone, &c.*

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.—*Gone, &c.*

## WHAT MEANS THAT SAD AND DISMAL LOOK?

Words by Geo. Russell.

Arranged from "Near the Lake," by G. W. C.

1. What means that sad and dis - mal look, And

why those fall - ing tears? No voice is heard, no

word is spoke, Yet nought but grief ap - pears.

Ah! Mother, hast thou ever known  
The pain of parting ties?  
Was ever infant from thee torn  
And sold before thine eyes?

Say, would not grief thy bosom  
swell?  
Thy tears like rivers flow?  
Should some rude ruffian seize and  
sell  
The child thou lovest so?

There's feeling in a Mother's  
breast,  
Though colored be her skin!  
And though at Slavery's soul be-  
hast,  
She must not weep for kin.

I had a lovely, smiling child,  
It sat upon my knee;  
And oft a tedious hour beguiled,  
With merry heart of glee.

That child was from my bosom  
torn,  
And sold before my eyes;  
With outstretched arms, and looks  
forlorn,  
It uttered piteous cries.

Mother! dear Mother!—take, O  
take  
Thy helpless little one!  
Ah! then I thought my heart  
would break;  
My child—my child was gone.

Long, long ago, my child they  
stole,  
But yet my grief remains;  
These tears flow freely—and my  
soul  
In bitterness complains.

Then ask not why "my dismal  
look,"  
Nor why my "falling tears,"  
Such wrongs, what human heart  
can brook?  
No hope for me appears.

### The Slave Boy's Wish.

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

I wish I was that little bird,  
Up in the bright blue sky;  
That sings and flies just where he  
will,  
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook,  
That runs so swift along;  
Through pretty flowers and shin-  
ing stones,  
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was that butterfly,  
Without a thought or care;  
Sporting my pretty, brilliant wings,  
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,  
I saw the other day;  
Who swifter than an arrow flew,  
Through the forest far away.

I wish I was that little cloud,  
By the gentle south wind driven;  
Floating along, so free and bright,  
Far, far up into heaven.

I'd rather be a cunning fox,  
And hide me in a cave;  
I'd rather be a savage wolf,  
Than what I am—a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,  
My father calls me brave;  
What wicked action have I done,  
That I should be a slave.

I saw my little sister sold,  
So will they do to me;  
My Heavenly Father, let me die,  
For then I shall be free.

## THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Music by G. W. C.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a time signature of common time (indicated by a '3' over a '4'). The first two staves are identical, and the third staff begins on a different line. The lyrics are written below the music, corresponding to the notes.

Ye've gone from me, my gen - tle

ones! With all your shouts of mirth; A si - lence

is with - in my walls, A dark-ness round my

hearth, A dark - ness round my hearth.

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,  
 The mother's anguish'd shriek !  
 And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears  
 That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,  
 My innocent and good !  
 Not e'en the tigress of the wild,  
 Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,  
 Upon the morning air ;  
 I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,  
 As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth  
 To meet me in your glee ;  
 And when the evening shadows fall,  
 Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,  
 Your voices on my ear,  
 And all things wear a thought of you,  
 But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,  
 My blessing and my pride !  
 I half forgot the name of slave,  
 When you were by my side !

Woe for your lot, ye doom'd ones ! woe  
 A seal is on your fate !  
 And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,  
 On all your steps await !

## SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.

Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.

They say I was but four years old When father was sold a-  
Yet I have never seen his face Since that sad parting

way; } He went where brighter flow-rets grow Be-  
day.

neath the Southern skies; Oh who will show me

on the map Where that far coun-try lies?

I begged him, "father, do not go !  
For, since my mother died,  
I love no one so well as you ;"  
And, clinging to his side,  
The tears came gushing down my cheeks  
Until my eyes were dim ;  
Some were in sorrow for the dead,  
And *some* in love for him.

He knelt and prayed of God above,  
" My little daughter spare,  
And let us both here meet again,  
O keep her in thy care."  
He does not come !—I watch for him  
At evening twilight grey,  
Till every shadow wears his shape,  
Along the *grassy* way.

I muse and listen all alone,  
When stormy winds are high,  
And think I hear his tender tone,  
And call, but no reply ;  
And so I've done these four long years,  
Without a friend or home,  
Yet every dream of hope is vain,—  
Why don't my father come ?

Father—dear father, are you sick,  
Upon a stranger shore ?—  
The people say it must be so—  
O send to me once more,  
And let your little daughter come,  
To soothe your restless bed,  
And hold the cordial to your lips,  
And press your aching head.

Alas !—I fear me he is dead !—  
Who will my trouble share ?  
Or tell me where his form is laid,  
And let me travel there ?  
By mother's tomb I love to sit,  
Where the green branches wave ;  
Good people ! help a friendless child  
To find her father's grave.

### The Slave and her Babe.

WORDS BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child ?"  
Air—"Slave Girl mourning her Father."  
O, massa, let me stay, to catch  
My baby's sobbing breath ;

His little glassy eye to watch,  
And smooth his limbs in death,  
And cover him with grass and leaf,  
Beneath the plantain tree !  
It is not sullenness, but grief—  
O, massa, pity me !

God gave me babe—a precious boon,  
To cheer my lonely heart,  
But massa called to work too soon,  
And I must needs depart.  
The morn was chill—I spoke no word,  
But feared my babe might die  
And heard all day, or thought I heard,  
My little baby cry.

At noon—O, how I ran ! and took  
My baby to my breast !  
I lingered—and the long lash broke  
My sleeping infant's rest.  
I worked till night—till darkest night,  
In torture and disgrace ;  
Went home, and watched till morning  
light,  
To see my baby's face.

The fulness from its cheek was gone,  
The sparkle from its eye ;  
Now hot, like fire, now cold, like stone,  
I *knew* my babe must die.  
I worked upon plantation ground,  
Though faint with woe and dread,  
Then ran, or flew, and here I found—  
See massa, almost dead.

Then give me but one little hour—  
O ! do not lash me so !  
One little hour—one little hour—  
And gratefully I'll go.  
Ah me ! the whip has cut my boy,  
I heard his feeble scream ;  
No more—farewell my only joy,  
My life's first gladsome dream !

I lay thee on the lonely sod,  
The heaven is bright above ;  
These Christians boast they have a God,  
And say his name is Love :  
O gentle, loving God, look down !  
My dying baby see ;  
The mercy that from earth is flown,  
Perhaps may dwell with **THEIR** !

## THE NEGRO'S APPEAL.

Words by Cowper.

Tune—"Isle of Beauty."



Forced from home and all its pleasures, Af-ric's coast I  
To increase a stranger's treasures, O'er the rag-ing



But though slave they have enrolled me, *Minds* are never



1st time.

FINE.

2d time.



left for-lorn; bil - lows borne. } Christian peo - ple



to be sold.



D.C.

bought and sold me, Paid my price in pal - try gold :

Is there, as ye sometimes tell me,  
 Is there one who reigns on high ?  
 Has he bid you buy and sell me,  
 Speaking from his throne—the sky ?  
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
 Are the means that duty urges  
 Agents of his will to use.

Hark ! he answers—wild tornadoes,  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks,  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he speaks.  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fixed their tyrant's habitations,  
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No !

By our blood in Afric' wasted,  
 Ere our necks received the chain ;  
 By the miseries that we tasted,  
 Crossing in your barks the main :  
 By our sufferings, since ye brought us  
 To the man-degrading mart,  
 All sustained by patience, taught us  
 Only by a broken heart—

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 Till some reason ye shall find,  
 Worthier of regard and stronger  
 Than the *color* of our kind.  
 Slaves of gold ! whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted powers ;  
 Prove that you have human feelings,  
 Ere you proudly question ours.

## NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.\*

Words by Cowper.

Arranged by G. W. C. from an old theme.

When av-a - rice en-slaves the mind, And selfish views a - lone bear sway Man turns a sav - age to his kind, And blood and ra - pine mark his way. A - las ! for this poor sim - ple toy, I sold the hap - less Ne - gro boy.

\* An African prince having arrived in England, and having been asked what he had given for his watch, answered, "What I will never give again—I gave a fine boy for it."

His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
 Though black, yet comely to the view  
 I tore him helpless from their side,  
 And gave him to a rusian crew—  
 To fiends that Afrie's coast annoy,  
 I sold the hapless Negro Boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,  
 His tender limbs in chains confined,  
 I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
 And marked his agony of mind ;  
 But still to gain this simple toy,  
 I gave the weeping Negro Boy.

In isles that deck the western wave  
 I doomed the hapless youth to dwell,  
 A poor, forlorn, insulted slave !  
 A BEAST THAT CHRISTIANS BUY AND SELL !  
 And in their cruel tasks employ  
 The much-enduring Negro Boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
 Shall long explore the distant main  
 In hope to see the youth return ;  
 But all their hopes and sighs are vain :  
 They never shall the sight enjoy,  
 Of their lamented Negro Boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
 He wears away his youthful prime ;  
 Far distant from his native land,  
 A stranger in a foreign clime.  
 No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,  
 A poor, dejected Negro Boy.

But He who walks upon the wind,  
 Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,  
 Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
 And hurl the lightning through the sky,  
 In his own time will sure destroy  
 The oppressor of the Negro Boy.

## I AM MONARCH OF NOUGHT I SURVEY.

A Parody.

Air "Old De-Fleury."

I am monarch of nought I survey, My wrongs there are none to dis-  
pute; My mas-ter con-veys me a-way, His  
whims or ca-pri-ces to suit. O slavery, where are the

charms That "patriarchs" have seen in thy face; I

dwell in the midst of alarms, And serve in a horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
And must finish my life with a groan;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech  
That tells me my body's my own.  
Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestowed upon some,  
Are blessings I never can prove,  
If slavery's my portion to come.

Religion! what treasures untold,  
Reside in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver or gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But I am excluded the light  
That leads to this heavenly grace;  
The Bible is clos'd to my sight,  
Its beauties I never can trace.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this sorrowful land,  
Some cordial endearing report,  
Of freedom from tyranny's hand.

My friends, do they not often send,  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O, tell me I yet have a friend,  
A friend I am anxious to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight;  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of Victoria's domain,  
In a moment I seem to be there,  
But the fear of being taken again,  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

The wood-fowl has gone to her nest,  
The beast has lain down in his lair;  
To me, there's no season of rest,  
Though I to my quarter repair.  
If mercy, O Lord, is in store,  
For those who in slavery pine;  
Grant me when life's troubles are o'er,  
A place in thy kingdom divine.

## THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

Words by Miss Chandler.

"Emigrant's Lament," arranged by G. W. C.

4 4

Why did ye wake me from my sleep? It was a

dream of bliss, And ye have torn me from that land, to

pine again in this; Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, That

I was laid to rest, The turf, with all its

with - 'ring flowers, up - on my cold heart pressed.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that I might die,  
So from my swelling pulse I could forever cast them by !  
And on, away, o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,  
Till, 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,  
As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day !  
But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing bough,  
Around the well-known threshhold spread a freshening coolness now.

The birds whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the earth,  
As if to greet me back again with their wild strains of mirth ;  
My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laughed to lave  
My burning lip, and cheek, and brow, in that delicious wave !

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hours,  
And there we laid him to his sleep among the clustering flowers ;  
Yet lo ! without my cottage-door he sported in his glee,  
With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul; when breathing out my name,  
To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones came !  
Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends ! the dear and lost ones all,  
With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my thrall.

Forms long unseen were by my side ; and thrilling on my ear,  
Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year ;  
And on my cheeks fond lips were pressed, with true affection's kiss—  
And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 'twas a dream of bliss !

## SONG OF THE COFFLE GANG.\*

Words by the Slaves.

Music by G. W. C.

See these poor souls from Af - ri - ca, Trans-

port - ed to A - mer - i - ca; We are

stolen, and sold to Geor - gi - a, will you

go a - long with me? We are stolen and sold to

See wives and husbands sold apart,  
 The children's screams!—it breaks my heart;  
 There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?  
 There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

O gracious Lord! when shall it be,  
 That we poor souls shall all be free?  
 Lord, break them Slavery powers—will you go along with me?  
 Lord, break them Slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when Slavery'll cease,  
 Then we poor souls can have our peace;  
 There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?  
 There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

\* This song is said to be sung by Slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when parting from friends for the far off South—children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters.

## HARK! I HEAR A SOUND OF ANGUISH.

Air, "Calvary."

Hark! I hear a sound of an - - guish

In my own, my native land; Brethren,

doomed in chains to languish, Lift to heaven the

suppliant hand, And despair - - ing, And de-

spair - - ing, Death the end of woe de - mand.

Let us raise our supplication  
 For the wretched suffering slave,  
 All whose life is desolation,  
 All whose hope is in the grave ;  
 God of mercy !  
 From thy throne, O hear and save.

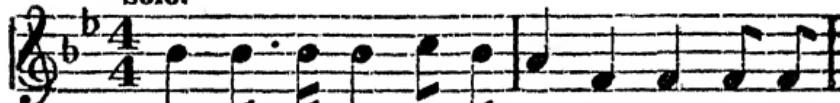
Those in bonds we would remember  
 As if we with them were bound  
 For each crushed, each suffering member  
 Let our sympathies abound,  
 Till our labors  
 Spread the smiles of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken ;  
 " Slavery's cruel power must cease,  
 From the bound the chain be broken,  
 Captives hail the kind release,"  
 While in splendor  
 Comes to reign the Prince of Peace.

## BROTHERS BE BRAVE FOR THE PINING SLAVE

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

Solo.



1. Hea - vy and cold in his dun-geon hold, Is the



yoke of the op - pres - sor; Dark o'er the soul is the

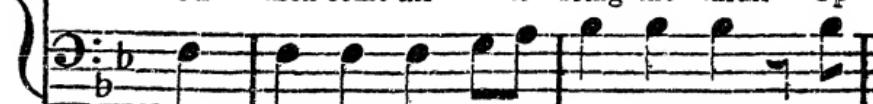


fell con - trol Of the stern and dread transgres-sor.

Chorus.



Oh then come all to bring the thrall Up



from his deep de - spair - - ing, And



out of the jaw of the ban - dit's law, Re-

take the prey he's tear - ing: O

then come all to bring the thrall Up from his deep de-

spair - - i g, And out of the jaw of the

ban - dit's law, Re-take the prey he's tear - ing.

Brothers be brave for the pining slave,  
From his wife and children riven ;  
From every vale their bitter wail  
Goes sounding up to Heaven.

Then for the life of that poor wife,  
And for those children pining;  
O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more  
Around their limbs are twining.

Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp;  
Where their meagre bands are wasting ;  
All worn and weak, in vain they seek  
For rest, to the cool shade hastening ;  
For drivers fell, like fiends from hell,  
Cease not their savage shouting ;  
And the scourge's crack, from quivering back,  
Sends up the red blood spouting.

Into the grave looks only the slave,  
For rest to his limbs aweary ;  
His spirit's light comes from that night,  
To us so dark and dreary.  
That soul shall nurse its heavy curse  
Against a day of terror,  
When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall stream  
Like fire, on the hosts of error.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn  
In the right hand of Jehovah ;  
To smite the strong red arm of wrong,  
And dash his temples over ;  
Then on a main to rend the chain,  
Ere bursts the vallied thunder ;  
Right onward speed till the slave is freed—  
His manacles to n asunder.

E. D. H.

## THE QUADROON MAIDEN.

Words by Longfellow.

Theme from the Indian Maid.

The Sla-ver in the broad la-goon, Lay moored with  
i - dle sail; He wait-ed for the ris - ing moon,  
And for the eve - ning gale. The

3\*

Plan - ter un-der his roof of thatch, Smoked thought-ful-

ly and slow; The Slaver's thumb was

on the latch, He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides  
 In yonder broad lagoon ;  
 I only wait the evening tides,  
 And the rising of the moon.

Before them, with her face up-  
 raised,  
 In timid attitude,  
 Like one half curious, half amazed,  
 A Quadroon maiden stood.

And on her lips there played a  
 smile  
 As holy, meek, and faint,  
 As lights, in some cathedral aisle,  
 The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren, the farm is  
 old,"  
 The thoughtful Planter said,  
 Then looked upon the Slave's  
 gold,  
 And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife,  
 With such accursed gains ;  
 For he knew whose passions gave  
 her life,  
 Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too  
 weak :  
 He took the glittering gold !  
 Then pale as death grew the maid-  
 en's cheek,  
 Her hands as ice cold.

The Slave led her from the door,  
 He led her by the hand,  
 To be his slave and paramour  
 In a far and distant land.

#### Domestic Bliss.

BY REV. JAMES GREGG.

Domestic bliss ; thou fairest flower  
 That erst in Eden grew,  
 Dear relic of the happy bower,  
 Our first grand parents knew !

We hail thee in the rugged soil  
 Of this waste wilderness,  
 To cheer our way and cheat our  
 toil,  
 With gleams of happiness.

In thy mild light we travel on,  
 And smile at toil and pain ;  
 And think no more of Eden gone,  
 For Eden won again.

Such, Emily, the bliss, the joy  
 By Heaven bestowed on you ;  
 A husband kind, a lovely boy,  
 A father fond and true.

Religion adds her cheering beams,  
 And sanctifies these ties ;  
 And sheds o'er all the brighter  
 gleams,  
 She borrows from the skies.

But ah ! reflect ; are *all* thus blest ?  
 Hath home such charms for *all* ?  
 Can such delights as these invest  
 Foul slavery's wretched thrall.

Can those be happy in these ties  
 Who wear her galling chain ?  
 Or taste the blessed charities  
 That in the household reign ?

Can those be blest, whose hope,  
 whose life,  
 Hang on a tyrant's nod ;  
 To whom nor husband, child, nor  
 wife  
 Are known—yea, scarcely God ?

Whose ties may all be rudely riven,  
 At avarice' fell behest ;  
 Whose only hope of *home* is  
 heaven,  
 The grave their only rest.

Oh ! think of those, the poor, th' op-  
 pressed,  
 In your full hour of bliss ;  
 Nor e'er from prayer and effort  
 rest,  
 While earth bears woe like this.

## O PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

Words from the Liberator.

Air, Araby's Daughter.



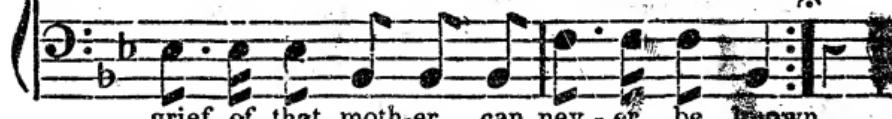
I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary, Who  
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary, I la-



You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean, But the



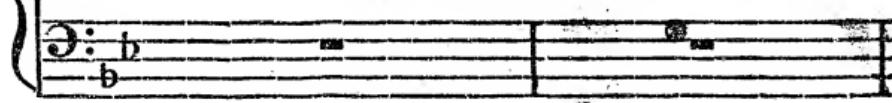
sighs as she pres - ses her babe to her breast; } O  
ment for her woes, and her wrongs un-re-dressed. }



grief of that moth-er can nev - er be known.



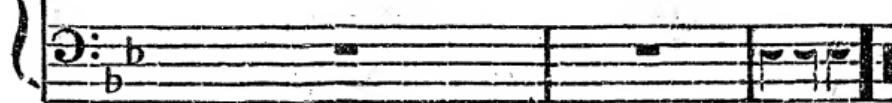
who can im - a - gine her heart's deep e-motion, As she



D. G.



thinks of her chil-dren a - bout to be sold;



The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,  
 That ever has bloomed in her path-way below ;  
 It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,  
 And filled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe :  
 Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression ;  
 Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay ;  
 No man to protect from the tyrant's distresses ;  
 She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave-mother, hope ! see—the nation is shaking !  
 The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !  
 The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking  
 Salvation and Mercy to Heaven bearing !  
 Rejoice, O rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing,  
 May one day lift up its unmanacled form,  
 While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,  
 Is born, like the rain-bow, 'midst tempest and storm.

### How long ! How long !

How long will the friend of the slave plead in vain ?  
 How long e'er the Christian will loosen the chain ?  
 He, whose efforts, more hardened should be,  
 O Father, give him ! we trust but in thee.  
 That 'we're all free and equal,' how senseless the cry,  
 While millions in bondage are groaning so nigh !  
 O where is our freedom ? equality where ?  
 To this none can answer, but echo cries, where ?

O'er this stain on our country we'd fain draw a veil,  
 But history's page will proclaim the sad tale,  
 That Christians, unblushing, could shout 'we are free,'  
 Whilst they the oppressors of millions could be.  
 They can feel for themselves, for the Pole they can feel,  
 Towards Afric's children their hearts are like steel ;  
 They are deaf to their call, to their wrongs they are blind ;  
 In error they slumber nor seek truth to find.

Though scorn and oppression on our pathway attend,  
 Despised and reviled, we the slave will befriend ;  
 Our Father, thy blessing ! we look but to thee,  
 Nor cease from our labors till all shall be free.  
 Should mobs in their fury with missiles assail,  
 The cause it is righteous, the truth will prevail ;  
 Then heed not their clamors, though loud they proclaim  
 That freedom shall slumber, and slavery reign.

## THE FUGITIVE SLAVE TO THE CHRISTIAN.

Words by Elizur Wright, Jr.

Music arranged from Cracovienne

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a bass staff below it. The music is in common time (indicated by '4') and uses a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'b'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, with the first two staves containing the first two lines of the verse, the third staff containing the third line, and the fourth staff containing the fourth line. The chorus is indicated by a 'C' above the staff and is repeated at the end.

The lyrics are:

The fet - ters galled my weary soul,-- A  
 soul that seemed but thrown away; I spurned the ty - rants  
 base con - trol, Re - solved at last the  
 man to play:— The hounds are bay - ing

Chorus.

on my track; O Christ-ian! will you  
 send me back? The hounds are baying on my track; O  
 Christ-ian will you send <sub>n</sub> me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,  
Red, dripping with a father's gore;  
And, worst of all their lawless law,  
The insults that my mother bore!

The hounds are baying on my track,  
O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'errules Divine,  
Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell  
My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—  
And where they suffer, who can tell?

The hounds are baying on my track,  
O Christian ! will you send me back ?

I seek a home where man is man,  
If such there be upon this earth,

To draw my kindred, if I can,  
 Around its free, though humble hearth.  
 The hounds are baying on my track,  
 O Christian ! will you send me back !

### The Strength of Tyranny.

The tyrant's chains are only strong  
 While slaves submit to wear them ;  
 And, who could bind them on the strong,  
 Determined not to wear them ?  
 Then clank your chains, e'en though the links  
 Were light as fashion's feather :  
 The heart which rightly feels and thinks  
 Would cast them altogether.

The lords of earth are only great  
 While others clothe and feed them !  
 But what were all their pride and state  
 Should labor cease to heed them ?  
 The swain is higher than a king :  
 Before the laws of nature,  
 The monarch were a useless thing,  
 The swain a useless creature.

We toil, we spin, we delve the mine,  
 Sustaining each his neighbor ;  
 And who can hold a right divine  
 To rob us of our labor ?  
 We rush to battle—bear our lot  
 In every ill and danger—  
 And who shall make the peaceful cot  
 To homely joy a stranger ?

Perish all tyrants far and near,  
 Beneath the chains that bind us ;  
 And perish too 'hat servile fear  
 Which mak's the slaves they find us :  
 One grand, ore universal claim—  
 One peal of moral thunder—  
 One glorious burst in Freedom's name,  
 And rend our bonds asunder !

## THE BLIND SLAVE-BOY.

Words by Mrs. Dr. Bailey.

Music arranged from Sweet Afton.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The first system starts with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are:

Come back to me, moth-er! why lin - ger a -

The second system starts with a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are:

way From thy poor lit - tle blind boy, the long wea - ry

The third system starts with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are:

day! I mark eve - ry foot - step, I list to each

The fourth system starts with a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are:

tone, And won - der my moth-er should leave me a -

lone! There are voi - ces of sor - row, and

This block contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'b'). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

voi - ces of glee, But there's no one to joy or to

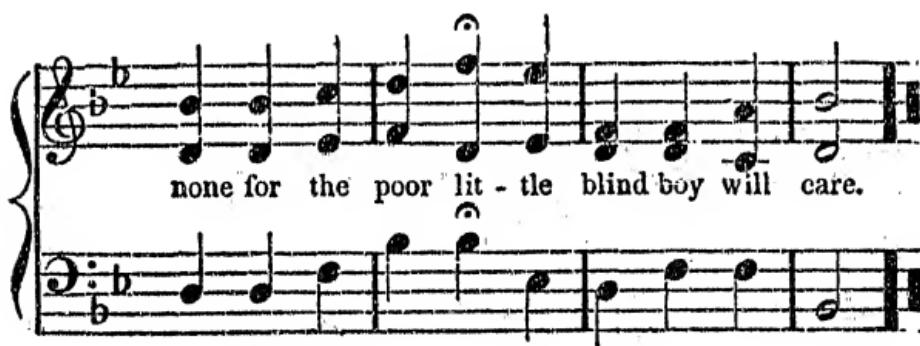
This block contains the third and fourth staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'b'). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

sor - - row with me; For each hath of

This block contains the fifth and sixth staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'b'). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

pleas - ure and trou - ble his share, And

This block contains the seventh and eighth staves of a musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and key signature of one flat (indicated by a 'b'). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.



My mother, come back to me ! close to thy breast  
 Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed ;  
 Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,  
 And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak !  
 O mother ! I've no one to love me—no heart  
 Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part,  
 No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,  
 Oh ! none like a mother can cherish the blind !

Poor blind one ! No mother thy wailing can hear,  
 No mother can hasten to banish thy fear ;  
 For the slave-owner drives her, o'er mountain and wild,  
 And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child !  
 Ah ! who can in language of mortals reveal  
 The anguish that none but a mother can feel,  
 When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod  
 On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God !

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,  
 She hears in her anguish his piteous moan ;  
 As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,  
 To catch the loved tones of his mother again !  
 The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall  
 On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,  
 And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,  
 Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy !

## SLAVE'S WRONGS.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Arranged from "Rose of Allandale."

With aching brow and weary limb, The

slave his toil pursued; And oft I saw the

cruel scourge Deep in his blood im-

brued; He tilled op-pres-sion's soil where men For

{ G: b lib - er - ty had bled, And the  
 { C: b ea - gle wing of Free - dom waved In  
 { G: b mock - - ery, o'er his head.

The earth was filled with the triumph shout  
 Of men who had burst their chains;  
 But his, the heaviest of them all,  
 Still lay on his burning veins;  
 In his master's hall there was luxury,  
 And wealth, and mental light;  
 But the very book of the Christian law,  
 Was hidden from his sight.

In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,  
 And songs for the newly free;  
 But his own low cabin was desolate  
 Of all but misery.

He felt it all—and to bitterness  
 His heart within him turned ;  
 While the panting wish for liberty,  
 Like a fire in his bosom burned.

The haunting thought of his wrongs grew changed  
 To a darker and fiercer hue,  
 Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore  
 At last familiar grew ;  
 There was darkness all within his heart,  
 And madness in his soul ;  
 And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,  
 Blazed up beyond control.

Then came a scene ! oh ! such a scene !  
 I would I might forget  
 The ringing sound of the midnight scream,  
 And the hearth-stone redly wet !  
 The mother slain while she shrieked in vain  
 For her infant's threatened life ;  
 And the flying form of the frightened child,  
 Struck down by the bloody knife.

There's many a heart that yet will start  
 From its troubled sleep, at night,  
 As the horrid form of the vengeful slave  
 Comes in dreams before the sight.  
 The slave was crushed, and his fetters' link  
 Drawn tighter than before ;  
 And the bloody earth again was drenched  
 With the streams of his flowing gore.

Ah ! know they not, that the tightest band  
 Must burst with the wildest power ?—  
 That the more the slave is oppressed and wronged,  
 Will be fiercer his rising hour ?  
 They may thrust him back with the arm of might,  
 They may drench the earth with his blood—  
 But the best and purest of their own,  
 Will blend with the sanguine flood.

I could tell thee more—but my strength is gone,  
 And my breath is wasting fast ;  
 Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,  
 Will my life from the earth have passed :  
 But this, the sum of all I have learned,  
 Ere I go I will tell to thee ;—  
 If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,  
 They must let the oppressed go free.

## MY CHILD IS GONE.

Music by G. W. C.

Doloroso.

Hark! from the winds a voice of woe, The  
wild At-lan-tic in its flow, Bears on its breast the  
mur-mur low, My child is gone!

Like savage tigers o'er their prey,  
They tore him from my heart away;  
And now I cry, by night by day—  
My child is gone!

How many a free-born babe is press'd  
With fondness to its mother's breast,  
And rocked upon her arms to rest,  
While mine is gone!

No longer now, at eve I see,  
Beneath the sheltering plantain tree,  
My baby cradled on my knee,  
For he is gone!

And when I seek my cot at night,  
There's not a thing that meets my sight,  
But tells me that my soul's delight,  
My child, is gone!

I sink to sleep, and then I seem  
To hear again his parting scream  
I start and wake—'tis but a dream—  
My child is gone!

Gone—till my toils and griefs are o'er,  
And I shall reach that happy shore,  
Where negro mothers cry no more—  
My child is gone!

## COMFORT IN AFFLCTION.

Words by William Leggett.

Music by G. W. C.

If yon bright stars which gem the night, Be

each a bliss-ful dwellingsphere, Where kindred spir - its

re - u - nite Whom death has torn a - sun - der here,

How sweet it were at once to die,  
 And leave this blighted orb afar!  
 Mix soul with soul to cleave the sky,  
 And soar away from star to star!

But oh! how dark, how drear, how lone,  
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
 If, wandering through each radiant one,  
 We failed to find the loved of this!

If there no more the ties should twine,  
 Which Death's cold hand alone can sever,  
 Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,  
 More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be—each hope and fear,  
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,  
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere  
 Than this bleak world that holds us now!

There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,  
 'Tis heaven that whispers, "dry thy tears,  
 The pure in heart shall meet again."

### The Poor Little Slave.

FROM "THE CHARTER OAK."

O pity the poor little slave,  
 Who labors hard through all the day—  
 And has no one,  
 When day is done,  
 To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—  
 No smiles from parents kind and dear;  
 No tears are shed  
 Around his bed,  
 When fevers rage, and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains  
 Are fastened to his tender limb;  
 No pitying eyes,  
 No sympathies,  
 No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

Yes I will pity the poor slave,  
 And pray that he may soon be free  
 That he at last,  
 When days are past,  
 In heaven may have his liberty.

## THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Kathleen O'Moore."

Oh deep was the anguish of the  
slave mother's heart, When called from her darling for  
ev - er to part; So grieved that lone mother, that  
heart broken mother, In sor - - - row and woe.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock,  
 While the child of her bosom is sold on the block ;  
 Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart broken mother,  
 In sorrow and woe.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,  
 While the sound of their wailings together arise ;  
 They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,  
 In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer to sympathy cold,  
 Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold ;  
 While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,  
 In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,  
 Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild ;  
 Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,  
 Of sorrow and woe.

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,  
 While the mother was left in anguish to pine ;  
 But reason departed, and she sank broken hearted,  
 In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,  
 Soon ended her sorrows and sank cold in death :  
 Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken mother,  
 In sorrow and woe.

Oh ! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave ;  
 The parents and children implore you to save ;  
 Go ! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,  
 From sorrow and woe.

## HEARD YE THAT CRY.

From "Wind of the Winter night."

3 4

Heard ye that cry! Twas the  
As he sank in de - spair, to the

3 4

wail of a slave, } Be - - - hold him where  
rest of the grave; }

bleed - ing and pros - trate he lies, Un-

friend - ed he lived, and un - pit - ied he died.

The white man oppressed him—the white man for gold,  
Made him toil amidst tortures that cannot be told;  
He robbed him, and spoiled him, of all that was dear,  
And made him the prey of affliction and fear.

But his anguish was seen, and his wailings were heard,  
By the Lord God of Hosts; whose vengeance deferred,  
Gathers force by delay, and with fury will burst,  
On his impious oppressor—the tyrant accurst!

Arouse ye, arouse ye! ye generous and brave,  
Plead the rights of the poor—plead the cause of the slave;  
Nor cease your exertions till broken shall be  
The fetters that bind him, and the slave shall be free.

### Sleep on my Child.

BY R. J. H.

Sleep on, my child, in peaceful rest,  
While lovely visions round thee play;  
No care or grief has touched thy breast,  
Thy life is yet a cloudless day.

Far distant is my childhood's home—  
No mother's smiles—no father's care!  
Oh! how I'd love again to roam,  
Where once my little playmates were!

Sleep on, thou hast not felt the chain;  
But though 'tis yet unmingle joy,  
I may not see those smiles again,  
Nor clasp thee to my breast, my boy.

And must I see thee toil and bleed!  
Thy manly soul in fetters tied;  
'Twill wring thy mother's heart indeed—  
Oh! would to God that I had died!

That soul God's own bright image bears—  
But oh! no tongue thy woes can tell;  
Thy lot is cast in blood and tears,  
And soon these lips must say—farewell!

## ZAZA—THE FEMALE SLAVE.

Words by Miss Ball.

Music by G. W. C.



1. O my coun - try, my coun - try! how



long I for thee, Far o - ver the



moun - - tain, Far o - - ver the

Fine.



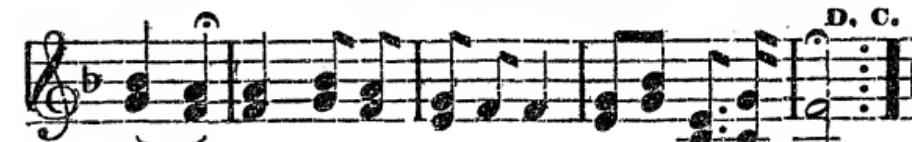
sea. Where the sweet Jo - li - ba,



kiss - es the shore, Say, shall I wan - der by



thee nev-er more? Where the sweet Jo - li - ba Kiss- es the



shore, Say, shall I wander by thee nev-er more.

Say, O fond Zurima,  
 Where dost thou stay ?  
 Say, doth another  
 List to thy sweet lay ?  
 Say, doth the orange still  
 Bloom near our cot ?  
 Zurima, Zurima,  
 Am I forgot ?

O, my country, my country ! how long I for thee,  
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

Under the baobab  
 Oft have I slept,  
 Fanned by sweet breezes  
 That over me swept.  
 Often in dreams  
 Do my weary limbs lay  
 'Neath the same baobab,  
 Far, far away,

O my country, my country. how long I for thee,  
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

O for the breath  
 Of our own waving palm,  
 Here, as I languish,  
 My spirit to calm—  
 O for a draught  
 From our own cool-ing lake,  
 Brought by sweet mother,  
 My spirit to wake.

O my country, my country, how long I for thee,  
 Far over the mountain, far over the sea.

## PRAYER FOR THE SLAVE.

Tune—Hamburg.

Oh let the pris - ner's mourn - ful sighs

As in - cense in thy sight ap - - - pear !

Their hum - ble wail - ings pierce the skies,

If hap - ly they may feel thee near.

The captive exiles make their moans,  
From sin impatient to be free ;  
Call home, call home, thy banished ones !  
Lead captive their captivity !

Out of the deep regard their cries,  
The fallen raise, the mourners cheer,  
Oh, Son of Righteousness, arise,  
And scatter all their doubts and fear.

Stand by them in the fiery hour,  
Their feebleness of mind defend ;  
And in their weakness show thy power,  
And make them patient to the end.

Relieve the souls whose cross we bear,  
For whom thy suffering members mourn :  
Answer our faith's effectual prayer ;  
And break the yoke so meekly borne !

### **Remembering that God is just.**

Oh righteous God ! whose awful frown  
Can crumble nations to the dust,  
Trembling we stand before thy throne,  
When we reflect that thou art just.

Dost thou not see the dreadful wrong,  
Which Afric's injured race sustains ?  
And wilt thou not arise ere long,  
To plead their cause, and break their chains ?

Must not thine anger quickly rise  
Against the men whom lust controls,  
Who dare thy righteous laws despise  
And traffic in the blood of souls ?

## THE FUGITIVE.

Words by L. M. C.

Air "Bonny Doon."

A no - ble man of sa - - ble brow Came  
With cautious, wea - ry step and slow, And

He begged if I had ought to give, To

to my hum - ble cot - - tage door,  
asked if I could feed the poor;

help the pant - ing fu - - gi - - - tive.

He begged if I had ought to give, To

help the pant - ing fu - - gi - - - tive.

D. C.

I told him he had fled away  
From his kind master, friends, and home ;  
That he was black—a slave astray,  
And should return as he had come ;  
That I would to his master give  
The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee  
And claimed he was a brother man,  
That I was bound to set him free,  
According to the gospel plan ;  
And if I would God's grace receive,  
That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,  
The festering wound—the sightless eye,  
The common badges of the slave,  
And said he would be free, or die ;  
And if I nothing had to give,  
I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,  
That which his Maker first had given ;  
But mine would be a darker sin,  
That would exclude my soul from heaven ;  
And if I would God's grace receive,  
I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,  
And gave him meat, and drink, and rest,  
I hope that God forgave my sin,  
And made me with that brother blest ;  
I am resolved, long as I live,  
To help the panting fugitive.

## AM I NOT A MAN AND BROTHER?

Words by A. C. L.

Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Am I not a man and brother?  
Sell me not one to another,

Christ our Saviour, Christ our Saviour, Fine.

Ought I not then, to be free?  
Take not thus my liber-ty.

Died for me as well as thee.

Christ our Saviour, Christ our Saviour.

Died for me as well as thee. D. C.

Am I not a man and brother ?  
 Have I not a soul to save ?  
 Oh, do not my spirit smother,  
 Making me a wretched slave :  
 God of mercy, God of mercy,  
 Let me fill a freeman's grave !

Yes, thou art a man and brother,  
 Though thou long hast groaned a slave,  
 Bound with cruel cords and tether  
 From the cradle to the grave !  
 Yet the Saviour, yet the Saviour,  
 Bleed and died all souls to save.

Yes, thou art a man and brother,  
 Though we long have told thee nay :  
 And are bound to aid each other,  
 All along our pilgrim way.  
 Come and welcome, come and welcome,  
 Join with us to praise and pray !

### Am I not a Sister ?

BY A. C. L.

Am I not a sister, say ?  
 Shall I then be bought and sold  
 In the mart and by the way,  
 For the white man's lust and gold ?  
 Save me then from his foul snare,  
 Leave me not to perish there !

Am I not a sister say,  
 Though I have a sable hue !  
 Lo ! I have been dragged away,  
 From my friends and kindred true,  
 And have toiled in yonder field,  
 There have long been bruised and peeled.

Am I not a sister, say ?  
 Have I an immortal soul ?  
 Will you, sisters, tell me nay ?  
 Shall I live in lust's control,  
 To be chattled like a beast,  
 By the Christian church and priest ?

Am I not a sister, say ?  
 Though I have been made a slave ?  
 Will you not then for me pray,  
 To the God whose power can save,  
 High and low, and bond and free ?  
 Toil and pray and vote for me !

## YE HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

Music by Kingsley.

Music score for the first stanza. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '3'). The melody is in two parts: a soprano part on the top staff and an alto part on the bottom staff. The lyrics are: "Ye her - alds of free-dom, ye no - ble and brave,"

Music score for the second stanza. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '3'). The melody continues in two parts. The lyrics are: "Who dare to in - sist on the rights of the slave;"

Music score for the third stanza. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '3'). The melody continues in two parts. The lyrics are: "go on - ward, go on-ward, your cause is of God,"

Music score for the fourth stanza. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (indicated by '3'). The melody continues in two parts. The lyrics are: "And he will soon sev - er the oppressor's strong rod."

The singer of slander may now at you point,  
 That finger will soon lose the strength of its joint;  
 And those who now plead for the rights of the slave,  
 Will soon be acknowledged the good and the brave.

Though thrones and dominions, and kingdoms and powers,  
 May now all oppose you, the victory is yours;  
 The banner of Jesus will soon be unfurled,  
 And he will give freedom and peace to the world.

Go under his standard and fight by his side,  
 O'er mountains and billows you'll then safely ride,  
 His gracious protection will be to you given,  
 And bright crowns of glory he'll give you in heaven.

**I would not live alway.**

BY PIERPONT.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,  
 Where I must bear the burden and heat of the day:  
 Where my body is cut with the lash or the cord,  
 And a hovel and hunger are all my reward.

I would not live alway, where life is a load  
 To the flesh and the spirit:—since there's an abode  
 For the soul disenthralled, let me breathe my last breath,  
 And repose in thine arms, my deliverer, Death!—

I would not live alway to toil as a slave:  
 Oh no, let me rest, though I rest in my grave;  
 For there, from their troubling, the wicked shall cease,  
 And, free from his master, the slave be at peace.

## OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

Words by Pierpont.

Music from "Minstrel Boy," by G. W. C.

Our Pil - grim Fath- ers— where are they? The  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray As they

waves that brought them o'er, } Still  
break a - long the shore;

roll in the bay, as they rolled that day, When the

Music score for the first line of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, the middle staff is in G clef, and the bottom staff is in C clef (Bass). The key signature is one flat. The melody is primarily in the soprano and alto voices, with harmonic support from the bass. The lyrics are: "May - flower moored be - low; When the".

Music score for the second line of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, the middle staff is in G clef, and the bottom staff is in C clef (Bass). The key signature is one flat. The melody continues in the soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "sea a - round was black with storms, And".

Music score for the third line of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, the middle staff is in G clef, and the bottom staff is in C clef (Bass). The key signature is one flat. The melody continues in the soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "white the shore with snow.". The bass line provides harmonic support throughout this section.

Music score for the final line of the song. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in G clef, the middle staff is in G clef, and the bottom staff is in C clef (Bass). The key signature is one flat. The melody concludes in the soprano and alto voices. The lyrics are: "white the shore with snow.". The bass line provides harmonic support throughout this section.

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The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide ;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail, that she gave to the gale  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone ;  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile—sainted name !  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night,  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head ;  
But the Pilgrim—where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest ;  
When Summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day,  
On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim *spirit* has not fled—  
It walks in noon's broad light ;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars, by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.

## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Words by J. G. Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Is this the land our fa-thers loved, The freedom  
 which they toiled to win ? Is this the soil whereon they  
 moved ? Are these the graves they slumber in ? Are we the

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a matching rhythm.

sons by whom are borne, The mantles which the dead have worn ?

And shall we crouch above these graves,  
 With craven soul and fettered lip ?  
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
 And tremble at the driver's whip ?  
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
 And speak—but as our masters please ?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?  
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?  
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—  
 The dungeon's gloom—th' assassin's blow,  
 Turn back the spirit roused to save  
 The Truth—our Country—and the Slave ?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
 Round which the priests of Mexico  
 Before their loathsome idol prayed—  
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?  
 And must we yield to Freedom's God  
 As offering meet, the negro's blood ?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought  
 Which well might shame extremest Hell ?  
 Shall freemen lock th' indignant thought ?  
 Shall Mercy's bosom cease to swell ?  
 Shall Honor bleed ?—Shall Truth succumb ?  
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb ?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,  
Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—  
By Plymouth's rock—and Bunker's mound—  
By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—  
By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—  
By all the memories of our dead !

By their enlarging souls, which burst  
The bands and fetters round them set—  
By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed  
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—  
By all above—around—below—  
Be ours the indignant answer—no !

No—guided by our country's laws,  
For truth, and right, and suffering man,  
Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,  
As Christians may—as freemen can !  
Still pouring on unwilling ears  
That truth oppression only fears.

6\*

## TO THOSE I LOVE.

Words by Miss E. M. Chandler.

Music from an old air by G. W. C.

4

4

Oh, turn ye not dis - pleased a - way, though

3:4

b4

I should some-times seem Too much to press up-

3:4

b

on your ear, an oft re - - peat - ed

3:4

b

theme; The sto - ry of the ne-gro's wrongs is

heav - y at my heart, And can I choose but  
wish from you a sym - pa - thiz - ing part ?

I turn to you to share my joy, —to soothe me in my grief—  
In wayward sadness from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief:  
And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,  
Locked darkly in my secret heart, unshared and silently?

If I had been a friendless thing—if I had never known,  
How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,  
I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from its stem,  
But clinging as I do to you, can I but feel for them?

I could not brook to list the sad sweet music of a bird,  
Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear hath heard,  
If cruel hands had quenched its light, that in the plaintive song,  
It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.

And can I give my lip to taste the life-bought luxuries, wrung  
From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—  
Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,  
While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and forgot?

Oh no!—so blame me not, sweet friends, though I should sometimes seem  
Too much to press upon your ear an oft repeated theme;  
The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,—  
And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast!

## WE'RE COMING! WE'RE COMING!

Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free, Like the  
True sons of brave sires who battled of yore, When

winds of the des - ert, the waves of the sea ! } We're  
England's proud li - on ran wild on our shore ! }

com-ing, we're com-ing, from mountain and glen, With

hearts to do bat - tle for free-dom a - gain; Op-

pres-sion is trem-bling as trem - bled be - fore, The

Slav - ery which fled from our fa - thers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,  
 Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world ;  
 Our watchword is LIBERTY—tyrants beware !  
 For the liberty army will bring you despair !  
 We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,  
 Our standard we'll nail to humanity's ear ;  
 With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,  
 A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on !  
 The man-stealing army we'll surely put down ;  
 They are crushing their millions, but soon they must yield,  
 For freemen have risen and taken the field.  
 Then arouse ye ! arouse ye ! the fearless and free,  
 Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea ;  
 Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,  
 Resound with a *liberty triumph* once more.

## ROUSE UP, NEW ENGLAND.

Words by a Yankee.

Music by G. W. C.

Rouse up, New England! Buckle on your mail of proof sub-

lime, your stern old hate of tyr-an - ny, your

deep con-tempt of crime; A trai - tor plot is

Six slave States added at a breath ! One flourish of a pen,  
 And fetters shall be rivited on millions more of men !  
 One drop of ink to sign a name, and slavery shall find  
 For all her surplus flesh and blood, a market to her mind !

A market where good Democrats their fellow men may sell !  
 O, what a grin of fiendish glee runs round and round thro' heli !  
 How all the damned leap up for joy and half forget their fire,  
 To think men take such pains to claim the notice of God's ire.

Is't not enough that we have borne the sneer of all the world,  
 And bent to those whose haughty lips in scorn of us are curled ?  
 Is't not enough that we must hunt their living chattels back,  
 And cheer the hungry bloodhounds on, that howl upon their track ?

Is't not enough that we must bow to all that they decree,—  
 These cotton and tobacco lords, these pimps of slavery ?

That we must yield our conscience up to glut Oppression's maw,  
And break our faith with God to keep the letter of Man's law?

But must we sit in silence by, and see the chain and whip  
Made firmer for all time to come in Slavery's bloody grip!  
Must we not only half the guilt and all the shame endure,  
But help to make our tyrant's throne of flesh and blood secure?

Is water running in our veins? Do we remember still  
Old Plymouth rock, and Lexington, and glorious Bunker Hill?  
The debt we owe our Father's graves? and to the yet unborn,  
Whose heritage ourselves must make a thing of pride or scorn?

Grey Plymouth rock hath yet a tongue, and Concord is not dumb,  
And voices from our father's graves, and from the future come;  
They call on us to stand our ground, they charge us still to be  
Not only free from chains ourselves, but foremost to make free!

Awake, New England! While you sleep the foes advance their  
lines;  
Already on your stronghold's wall their bloody banner shines;  
Awake! and hurl them back again in terror and despair,  
The time has come for earnest deeds, we've not a man to spare.

## RISE, FREEMEN, RISE.

Music by G. W. C.

Rise, freemen rise! the call goes forth, Attend the high com-  
mand; O - be-dience to the word of God, Through-  
out this guil - ty land: Throughout this guilty land.

Rise, free the slave; oh, burst his chains,  
And cast his fetters down;  
Let virtue be your country's pride,  
Her diadem and crown.  
Then shall the day at length arrive,  
When all shall equal be,  
And Freedom's banner, waving high,  
Proclaim that all are free.

**Remember Me.**  
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows!  
I lift my heart to thee;

In all my wrongs, oppressions, woes,  
Dear Lord! remember me.

Afflictions sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee;  
Lord! let my strength be as my day,  
And still remember me.

Oppressed with scourges, bonds, and grief,  
This feeble body see;  
Oh! give my burdened soul relief,  
Hear, and remember me.

## A BEACON HAS BEEN LIGHTED.

Parody by G. W. C.

Air, "Blue-eyed Mary."



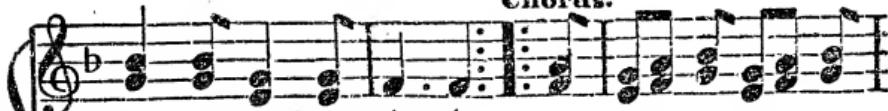
A bea-con has been lighted, Bright as the noon-day  
Full many a shrine of er - ror, And many a deed of



sun; On worlds of mind be - night-ed, Its  
shame, Dis-mayed, has shrunk in ter - ror, Be-



## Chorus.



rays are pour-ing down; } Vic - to - rious, on, vic-  
fore the light-ed flame. }



to - rious! Proud bea - con on - - ward haste; Till



floods of light all glo - rious, Il - lume the mor - al

Last time.

waste, Il - lume the mor - al waste.

Oppression foul has foundered,  
 The demon gasps for breath ;  
 His rapid march is downward,  
 To everlasting death.  
 Old age and youth united,  
 His works shall prostrate hurl,  
 And soon himself, affrighted,  
 Shall hurry from this world.  
 Victorious, on, victorious, &c

Proud liberty untiring,  
 Strikes at the monster's heart ;  
 Beneath her blows expiring,  
 He dreads her well-aimed dart.  
 Her blows—we'll pray "God speed" them,  
 Oppression to despoil ;  
 And how we fought for freedom,  
 Let future ages tell.  
 Victorious, on, victorious, &c.

## OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Words by Whittier.

"Beatitude," by T. Hastings.

Our fel - - low coun - - try - - men in  
Slaves - crouch-ing on the ve - - - - ry  
By eve - ry shrine of pat - - - - riot

chains, Slaves in a land of light and law!  
plains Where rolled the storm of Free - dom's war!  
blood, From Moultrie's wall and Jas - per's well.

A groan from Eu - taw's hatut - - - ed

D. C.  
wood - A wail where Camden's martyrs fell -

By storied hill and hallow'd grot,  
By mossy woo' and marshy glen,  
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
And hurrying shout of Marion's men !  
The groan of breaking hearts is there—  
The falling lash—the fetter's clank !  
Slaves—SLAVES are breathing in that air,  
Which old De Kalb and Suinter drank !

What, ho !—our countrymen in chains !  
The whip on WOMAN's shrinking flesh !  
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,  
Caught from her scourging, warm and  
fresh !  
What ! mothers from their children riven !  
What ! God's own image bought and  
sold !  
AMERICANS to market driven,  
And barter'd as the brute for gold !

Speak ! shall their agony of prayer  
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain ?  
To us, whose fathers scorn'd to bear  
The paltry menace of a chain ;  
To us, whose boast is loud and long  
Of holy Liberty and Light—  
Say, shall these writhing slaves of wrong,  
Plead vainly for their plunder'd Right ?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea ?  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse ?

Just God ! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's  
mirth—  
Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth ?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to  
bear ?

Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials wear ?

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;

No longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood :  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth, and Love, and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven !

### Myron Holley.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Yes—fame is his :—but no' the fame  
For which the ~~cor~~ ~~cor~~ pants and  
strives,  
Whose path is tracke ~~h~~ blood and  
flame,  
And over countless human lives !  
His name no armed battalions hail  
With bugle shriek or thundering gun—  
No widows curse him, as they wail  
For slaughtered husband and for son.

Am'd the moral strife alone,  
He battled fearlessly and long,  
And poured, with clear, untrembling tone,  
Rebuke upon the hosts of Wrong—  
To break Oppression's cruel rod,  
He dared the perils of the fight,  
And in the name of FREEDOM's God  
Struck boldly for the TRUTH and RIGHT !

With faith, whose eye was never dim,  
The triumph, yet afar, he saw,  
When, bonds smote off from soul and limb,  
And freed alike by Love and Law.  
The slave—no more a slave—shall stand  
Erect—and loud, from sea to sea,  
Exultant burst o'er all the land  
The glorious song of jubilee !

Why should we mourn, thy labor done,  
That thou art called to thy reward ;  
Rest, Freedom's war-worn champion !  
Rest, faithful soldier of the Lord !  
For oh, not vainly hast thou striven,  
Through storm, and gloom, and deepest  
night—  
Not vainly hath thy life been given  
For GOD, for FREEDOM, and for RIGHT.

## VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND AGAINST SLAVERY.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.

Up the hill side, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping

cit - i - zen; Summon out the might of men!

Like a li - on growling low, Like a night-storm

ris-ing slow, Like the tread of un-seen foe.

It is coming—it is nigh!  
 Stand your homes and altars by ;  
 On your own free threshholds die.  
 Clang the bells in all your spires ;  
 On the gray hills of your sires  
 Fling to heaven your signal fires.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
 Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
 Brand the craven on his brow.  
 Freedom's soil hath only place  
 For a free and fearless race—  
 None for traitors false and base.

Take your land of sun and bloom ;  
 Only leave to Freedom room  
 For her plough, and forge, and  
 loom.  
 Take your slavery-blackened  
 vales ;  
 Leave us but our own free gales,  
 Blowing on our thousand sails.

Onward with your fell design ;  
 Dig the gulf and draw the line ;  
 Fire beneath your feet the mine :

Deeply, when the wide abyss  
 Yawns between your land and this,  
 Shall ye feel your helplessness.

By the hearth, and in the bed,  
 Shaken by a look or tread,  
 Ye shall own a guilty dread.  
 And the curse of unpaid toil,  
 Downward through your generous  
 soil,  
 Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
 Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
 Plenty in our valleys flow ;—  
 And when vengeance clouds your  
 skies,  
 Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
 As the damned on Paradise !

We but ask our rocky strand,  
 Freedom's true and brother band,  
 Freedom's strong and honest hand,  
 Valleys by the slave untrod,  
 And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,  
 Blessed of our fathers' God !

## THE CLARION OF FREEDOM.

Words from the Emancipator.

Music "The Chariot."

The clar - ion— the clar - ion of Free-dom now

sounds, From the east to the west In - - de

pend - ence re - sounds; From the hills, and the

streams, and the far dis - tant skies, Let the

shout In - de-pend-ence from Slav - 'ry a - rise.

The army—the army have taken the field,  
 And the Liberty hosts never, never will yield;  
 By free principles strengthened, each bosom now glows,  
 And with ardor immortal the struggle they close.

The armor, the armor that girds every breast,  
 Is the hope of deliverance for millions oppressed;  
 O'er the tears, and the sighs, and the wrongs of the slave,  
 See the white flag of freedom triumphantly wave.

The conflict—the conflict will shortly be o'er,  
 And the demon of slavery shall rule us no more;  
 And the laurels of victory shall surely reward  
 The heroes immortal who've conquered for God.

## STRIKE FOR LIBERTY.

Words from the Christian Freeman.

Air, "Scots wha hae."

Sons of Freedom's honored sires, Light a - new your  
bea - con fires, Fight till eve - ry foe re - tires  
From your hal - lowed soil. Sons of Pil - grim  
Fa - thers blest, Pil - grim Mo - thers gone to rest,

Listen to their high behest, Strike for Lib-er - ty.

Ministers of God to men,  
Heed ye not the nation's sin ?  
Heaven's blessing can ye win  
If ye falter now ?  
Men of blood now ask your vote,  
O'er your heads their banners float;  
Raise, Oh raise the warning note,  
God and duty call !

Men of justice, bold and brave,  
To the ballot-box and save  
Freedom from her opening grave—  
Onward ! brothers, on !  
Christian patriots, tried and true,  
Freedom's eyes now turn to you;  
Foes are many—are ye few ?  
Gideon's God is yours !

### On to Victory.

BY REV. MRS. MARTYN.

Children of the glorious dead,  
Who for freedom fought and bled,  
With her banner o'er you spread,  
On to victory.  
Not for stern ambition's prize,  
Do our hopes and wishes rise;  
Lo, our leader from the skies,  
Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—  
We no earthly weapons wield—  
Light and love, our sword and  
shield,  
Truth our panoply.  
This is proud oppression's hour;  
Storms are round us; shall we  
cower ?  
While beneath a despot's power  
Groans the suffering slave ?  
While on every southern gale,  
Comes the helpless captive's tale,  
And the voice of woman's wail,  
And of man's despair ?  
While our homes and rights are  
dear,  
Guarded still with watchful fear,  
Shall we coldly turn our ear  
From the suppliant's prayer ?

Never ! by our Country's shame—  
Never ! by a Saviour's claim,  
To the men of every name,  
Whom he died to save.  
Onward, then, ye fearless band—  
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;  
Yours shall be the patriot's stand—  
Or the martyr's grave.

## THE MAN FOR ME.

Parody by J. N. T. Tucker. Air, "The Rose that all are praising."

6

Oh, he is not the man for me, Who buys or sells a

slave, Nor he who will not set him free, But

sends him to his grave; But he whose noble heart beats warm For

all mens life and lib - - er - ty; Who loves a-like each

He's not at all the man for me,  
 Who sells a man for gain,  
 Who bends the pliant servile knee,  
 To Slavery's God of shame!  
 But he whose God-like form erect  
 Proclaims that all alike are free  
 To think, and speak, and vote, and act,  
 Oh that's the man for me.

He sure is not the man for me  
 Whose spirit will succumb,  
 When men endowed with Liberty  
 Lie bleeding, bound and dumb;  
 But he whose faithful words of might  
 Ring through the land from shore to sea,  
 For man's eternal equal right,  
 Oh that's the man for me.

No, no, he's not the man for me  
 Whose voice o'er hill and plain,  
 Breaks forth for glorious liberty,  
 But binds himself, the chain!  
 The mightiest of the noble band  
 Who prays and toils the world to free,  
 With head, and heart, and voice, and vote —  
 Oh that's the man for me.

## PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Geo. Lunt.

Air "Troubadour."

O - - ver the mountain wave See where they come;

Storm-cloud and wintry wind Welcome them home; Yet where the sounding gale  
Pilgrims and wan-der - ers,

Howls to the sea, There their song peals a-long, Deep toned and free.  
Hith-er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home.

England hath sunny dales,  
Dearly they bloom;  
Scotia hath heather-hills,  
Sweet their perfume:  
Yet through the wilderness  
Cheerful we stray,  
Native land, native land—  
Home far away!  
Pilgrims, &c.

Dim grew the forest path,  
Onward they trod :  
Firm beat their noble hearts,  
Trusting in God !  
Gray men and blooming maids,  
High rose their song—  
Hear it sweep, clear and deep  
Ever along !  
Pilgrims, &c.

Not their's the glory-wreath,  
Torn by the blast ;  
Heavenward their holy steps,  
Heavenward they passed !  
Green be their mossy graves !  
Ours be their fame,  
While their song peals along,  
Ever the same !  
Pilgrims, &c.

### The Bondman.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.

Feebly the bondman toiled,  
Sadly he wept—  
Then to his wretched cot  
Mournfully crept :  
How doth his free-born soul  
Pine 'neath his chain !

Slavery ! Slavery !  
Dark is thy reign.  
Long ere the break of day,  
Roused from repose,  
Wearily toiling  
Till after its close—  
Praying for freedom,  
He spends his last breath :  
Liberty ! Liberty !  
Give me, or death.

When, when, oh Lord ! will right  
Triumph o'er wrong ?  
Tyrants oppress the weak,  
Oh Lord ! how long ?  
Hark ! hark ! a peal resounds  
From shore to shore—  
Tyranny ! Tyranny !  
Thy reign is o'er.

E'en now the morning  
Gleams from the East—  
Despots are feeling  
Their triumph is past—  
Strong hearts are answering  
To freedom's loud call—  
Liberty ! Liberty !  
Full and for all.

## FOURTH OF JULY.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

2 2  
4

We have a good - ly clime, Broad

3:2  
#4

vales and streams we boast; Our

mountain fron - tiers frown sub - - lime,

Old O - - - cean guards our coast.

Suns bless our harvests fair,  
 With fervid smile serene,  
 But a dark shade is gathering there,  
 What can its blackness mean ?

We have a birth-right proud,  
 For our young sons to claim—  
 An eagle soaring o'er the cloud,  
 In freedom and in fame.

We have a scutcheon bright,  
 By our dead fathers bought ;  
 A fearful blot distains its white—  
 Who hath such evil wrought ?

Our banner o'er the sea  
 Looks forth with starry eye,  
 Emblazoned glorious, bold and free,  
 A letter on the sky—

What hand with shameful stain,  
 Hath marred its heavenly blue ?  
 The yoke, the fasces, and the chain,  
 Say, are these emblems true ?

This day doth music rare  
 Swell through our nation's bound,  
 But Afric's wailing mingles there,  
 And Heaven doth hear the sound.

O God of power ! we turn  
 In penitence to thee,  
 Bid our loved land the lesson learn—  
 To bid the slave be free.

## YE SPIRITS OF THE FREE.

Air—"My faith looks up to thee."

1. Ye spir - its of the free, Can ye for

2. In pride and pomp to roll, Shall ty - rants

ev - er see Your broth - er man A yoked and

from the soul God's im - age tear, And call the

scour - ged slave, Chains drag - ging to his grave,

wreck their own,—While, from th'e - - ter - nal throne,

And raise no hand to save? Say if you can.

They shut the sti - fied groan, And bit - ter prayer?

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first staff is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the first line. The second staff is in C major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the second line. The third staff is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the third line. The fourth staff is in C major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the fourth line. The fifth staff is in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the fifth line. The sixth staff is in C major, 2/4 time, with lyrics for the sixth line. The air "My faith looks up to thee" is indicated above the first staff.

Shall he a slave be bound,  
 Whom God hath doubly crowned  
 Creation's lord?  
 Shall men of Christian name,  
 Without a blush of shame,  
 Profess their tyrant claim  
 From God's own word?

No! at the battle cry,  
 A host prepared to die,  
 Shall arm for fight—  
 But not with martial steel,  
 Grasped with a murderous zeal;  
 No arms their foes shall feel,  
 But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,  
 Strong in their righteous cause,  
 They march to save.  
 And vain the tyrant's mail,  
 Against their battle-hail,  
 Till cease the woe and wail  
 Of tortured slave!

### Sing Me a Triumph Song.

Sing me a triumph song,  
 Roll the glad notes along,  
 Great God, to thee!  
 Thine be the glory bright,  
 Source of all power and might!  
 For thou hast said, in might,  
 Man shall be free.

Sing me a triumph song,  
 Let all the sound prolong,  
 Air, earth, and sea,  
 Down falls the tyrant's power,  
 See his dread minions cower;  
 Now, from this glorious hour,  
 Man will be free.

Sing me a triumph song,  
 Sing in the mighty throng,  
 Sing Jubilee!  
 Let the broad welkin ring,  
 While to heaven's mighty King,  
 Honor and praise we sing,  
 For man is free.

## WAKE, SONS OF THE PILGRIMS.

Air—"M'Gregor's Gathering."



Wake sons of the Pilgrims, and look to your right! The



des - pots of Slav - 'ry are up in their might; In-



dulge not in sleep, it's like dig- ging the graves Of



blood-purchased freedom—'tis yield-ing like slaves. Then



hal- loo, halloo hal-loo to the contest,

A-



wake from your slum-bers, no long-er de - lay, But



strug - gle for free-dom, while strug - gle you may-- Then

ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly,

ral - - ly, ral - - ly, ral - - ly, While our

for - ests shall wave or white rush-es a riv- er, Oh,

yield not your birth-right! maintain it for ev - er!

Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims ! why slumber ye on ?  
 Your chains are now forging, your fetters are done ;  
 Oh ! sleep not, like Samson, on Slavery's foul arm,  
 For, Delilah-like, she's now planning your harm.  
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest !  
 Awake from your sleeping—nor slumber again,  
 Once bound in your fetters, you'll struggle in vain ;  
 Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—  
 While your eye-balls may move, O wake up now, or never—  
 Wake, freemen ! awake, or you're ruined forever !

Yes, freemen are waking ! we fling to the breeze,  
 The bright flag of freedom, the banner of Peace ;  
 The slave long forgotten, forlorn, and alone,  
 We hail as a brother—our own mother's son !  
 Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest !  
 For freedom we rally—for freedom to all—  
 To rescue the slave, and ourselves too from thrall.  
 We rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—  
 While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,  
 We will never disband, but strive harder and longer.

## OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE DYING.

Words by C. W. Dennison.

Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

Our country-men are dy-ing Beneath their canker-ing

chains, Full many a heart is sigh-ing, Where

nought but slav-ry reigns; No note of joy and

glad - ness, No voice with free - dom's lay, Fall

on them in their sad-ness, To wipe those tears a - way.

Where proud Potomac dashes  
Along its northern strand,  
Where Rappahannock lashes  
Virginia's sparkling sand;  
Where Eutaw, famed in story,  
Flows swift to Santee's stream,  
There, there in grief and gory,  
The pining slave is seen!

And shall New England's daughters,  
Descendants of the free,  
Beside whose far-famed waters  
Is heard sweet minstrelsy—  
Shall they, when hearts are breaking,  
And woman weeps in woe,  
Shall they, all listless waiting,  
No hearts of pity show.

No! let the shout for freedom  
Ring out a certain peal,  
Let sire and youthful maiden,  
All who have hearts to feel,  
Awake! and with the blessing  
Of Him who came to save,  
A holy, peaceful triumph,  
Shall greet the kneeling slave!

#### We ask not Martial Glory.

We ask not "martial glory,"  
Nor "battles bravely won;"

We tell no boastful story  
To laud our "favorite son;"  
We do not seek to gather  
From glory's field of blood,  
The laurels of the warrior,  
Steeped in the crimson flood—

But we can boast that Birney  
Holds not the tyrant's rod,  
Nor binds in chains and fetters,  
The image of his God;  
No vassal, at his bidding,  
Is doomed the lash to feel;  
No menial crouches near him,  
No Charley's\* at his heel.

His heart is free from murder,  
His hand without its stain;  
His head and heart united,  
To loose the bondman's chain:  
His deeds of noble daring,  
Shall make the tyrant cower;  
Oppression flees before him,  
With all its boasted power.

Soon shall the voice of freedom,  
O'er earth its echoes roll—  
And earth's rejoicing millions  
Be free, from pole to pole.  
Then rally round your leader,  
Ye friends of liberty;  
And let the shout for Birney,  
Ring out o'er land and sea.

\* Clay's body servant.

## COME, JOIN THE ABOLITIONISTS.

Air—"When I can read my title clear."

1. Come, join the Ab - - - o - - li - - tion-ists, Ye

2. Come, join the Ab - - - o - - li - - tion-ists, Ye

young men bold and strong, And with a warm and

men of ri - per years, And save your wives and

cheer-ful zeal, Come, help the cause a - long: Come

child-ren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears: From

help the cause a - - - long, Come

grief and bit - - - ter tears, From

help the cause a - long; And with a warm and  
grief and bit - ter tears; And save your wives and

cheer-ful zeal, Come help the cause a - long.  
chil-dren dear, From grief and bit - ter tears.

Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,  
Oh that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - - ful,

Oh that will be joy - ful, When Slav'ry is no  
9

more, When Slav'-ry is no more, When  
 more, When Slav'-ry is no more, When  
 Slav'-ry is no more: 'Tis then we'll sing, and  
 Slav'-ry is no more: 'Tis then we'll sing, and  
 of-f'riangs bring, When Slav'-ry is no more.  
 of-f'riangs bring, When Slav'-ry is no more.

Come, join the Abolitionists,  
 Ye dames and maidens fair;  
 And breathe around us in our path,  
 Affection's hallowed air.  
 O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 When woman cheers us on,  
 When woman cheers us on,  
 When woman cheers us on,  
 To conquests not yet won;  
 'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings  
 bring,  
 When woman cheers us on.

Come, join the Abolitionists,  
 Ye sons and daughters all;  
 Of this our own America,  
 Come at the friendly call.  
 O that will be joyful, joyful,  
 O that will be joyful,  
 When all shall proudly say,  
 This, this is Freedom's day,  
 Oppression flee away!  
 'Tis then we'll sing and offerings  
 bring,  
 When Freedom wins the day.

## WE ARE COME, ALL COME.

By G. W. C.

We are come, all come, with the crowded throng, To  
We are come, all come, with a hal - lowed vow, At

join our notes in a plaintive song; For the bond man sighs, and the  
the shrine of slavery never to bow, For the despots reign o'er

scalding tear Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.  
hill and plain, Spreads grief and woe in his hor - rid train.

We are come, all come, a determined band,  
To rescue the slave from the tyrants hand;  
And our prayers shall ascend with our songs to Him  
Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

We are come, all come, in the strength of youth,  
In the light of hope and the power of truth;  
And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,  
The honored locks of the good and grey.

We are come, all come, in our holy might,  
And freedom's foes shall be put to flight;  
Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,  
Our songs shall soon chant the victory.

## THE LAW OF LOVE.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

Blest is the man whose ten - - der heart Feels  
 Whose breast expands with gen - erous warmth, A  
 all a - noth - er's pain, To whom the  
 stran - ger's woe to feel, And bleeds in  
 sup - pli - cat - - - ing eye Was nev - - - er  
 pi - - ty o'er the wound, He wants the

He spreads his kind supporting arms,  
To every child of grief;  
His secret bounty largely flows,  
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love  
His feet are never slow;  
He views, through mercy's melting eye,  
A brother in his foe.

To him protection shall be shown,  
And mercy from above  
Descend on those, who thus fulfil  
The perfect law of love.

### Oh! Charity!

Oh charity! thou heavenly grace,  
All tender, soft, and kind,  
A friend to all the human race,  
To all that's good inclined.

The man of charity extends  
To all his helping hand;  
His kindred, neighbors, foes, and friends,  
His pity may command.

The sick, the prisoner, deaf, and blind,  
And all the sons of grief,  
In him a benefactor find;  
He loves to give relief.

'Tis love that makes religion sweet  
'Tis love that makes us rise,  
With willing minds, and ardent feet,  
To yonder happy skies.

## THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by C. W. C.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The first staff begins with a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows,  
 There is a place where Je - - sus sheds

From eve - ry swell - ing tide of  
 The oil of glad - ness on our

woes, There is a calm a sure re -  
 heads, A place than all be - side more

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

treat—Our re - - - fuge is the Mer - cy seat.  
 sweet—We seek the blood - bought Mer-cy - seat.

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
 Though sundered far, by faith we meet,  
 Around one common Mercy-Seat.

Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,  
 When hunted, scourged, oppressed, dismayed,—  
 Or how our bloody foes defeat,  
 Had suffering slaves no Mercy-Seat !

Oh ! let these hands forget their skill,  
 These tongues be silent, cold, and still,  
 These throbbing hearts forget to beat,  
 If we forget the Mercy-Seat.

**Friend of the Friendless.**

God of my life ! to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint !  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?  
 Where but with thee, whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor ?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not thy word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, he must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

## WAKE YE NUMBERS!

Words by Lewis.

Air, "Strike the Cymbals."

Wake ye numbers! from your slum-bers,  
Flags are wav-ing, all ty - rants brav-ing,

Chorus.

Hear the song of free-dom pour! By its shaking,  
Proudly, free - ly, o'er our plains; Let no minions

fiercely breaking, Eve - ry chain up - on our shore. }  
check our pinions, While a sin - gle grief re-mains. }

Solo 1mo. Solo 2d.

Proud ob - lations, thou Queen of nations! Have been poured up-

on thy wa-ters; Af-ric's bleeding sons and daughters,

## Chorus.

Now be-fore us, loud implore us, Looking to Je-

## Trio. Lento.

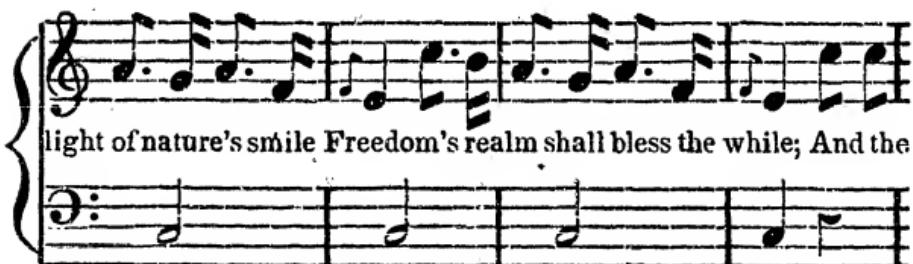
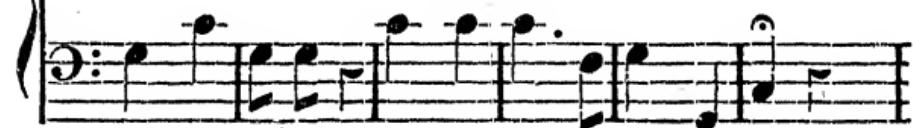
ho - vah's throne, Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,

## Chorus. Tempo.

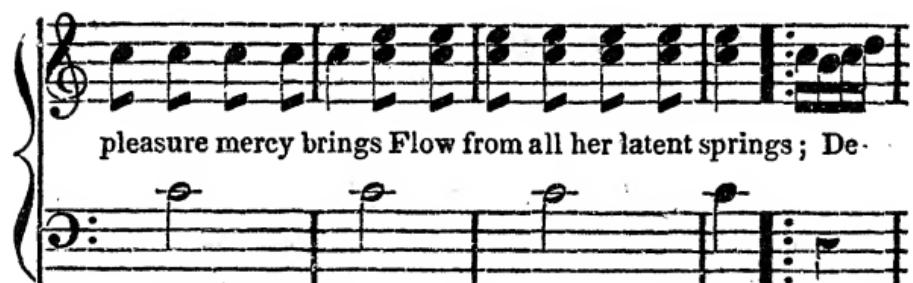
Will ye hear a na-tions moan? Soothe their sorrow,



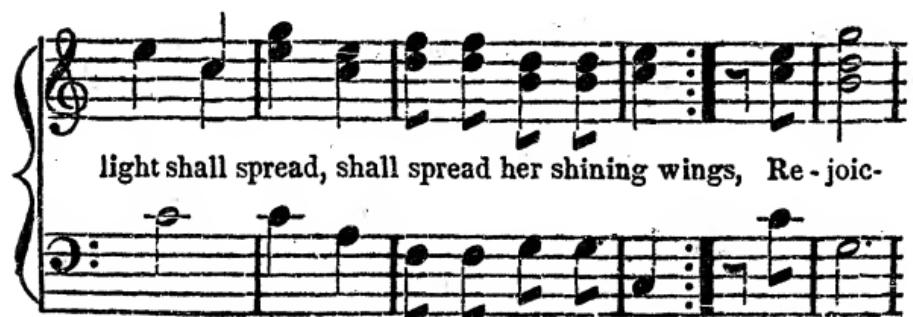
ere the morrow Change their aching hearts to stone : Then the



light of nature's smile Freedom's realm shall bless the while; And the



pleasure mercy brings Flow from all her latent springs ; De-



light shall spread, shall spread her shining wings, Re - joic-



Daily, nightly, burning brightly,  
 Glory's pillar fills the air;  
 Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,  
 Freedom bids her sons prepare:  
 O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,  
 Incense rises to the skies;  
 From our mountains, o'er our fountains,  
 See, our Eagle proudly flies!  
 What deplored impedes his soaring?  
 Millions still in bondage sighing!  
 Long in deep oppression lying!  
 Shall their story mar our glory?  
 Must their life in sorrow flow?  
 Tears are falling! fetters galling!  
 Listen to the cry of woe!  
 Still oppressing! never blessing!  
 Shall their grief no ending know?  
 Yes! our nation yet shall feel;  
 Time shall break the chain of steel;  
 Then the slave shall nobly stand;  
 Peace shall smile with lustre bland;  
 Glory shall crown our happy land—  
 F'orever.

## COMFORT FOR THE BONDMAN.

Alt—"Indian Philosopher."

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades in this

wil - der - ness, Who groan beneath your chains; A

while for - get your griefs and fears, And look beyond this

vale of tears, To yon ce - les - tial plains.

Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
     Which mortals never trod ;  
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,  
 Work out your passage to the skies,  
     And scale the mount of God.

If, like our Lord, we suffer here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
     And at his side sit down ;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure,  
 For all who to the end endure  
     Shall wear a glorious crown.

Thrice blessed, exalted, blissful hope !  
 It lifts our fainting spirits up,  
     It brings to life the dead ;  
 Our bondage here will soon be past,  
 Then we shall rise and reign at last,  
     Triumphant with our Head.

### Come and see the Works of God.

Lift up to God the shout of joy,  
 Let all the earth its powers employ,  
     To sound his glorious praise ;  
 Say, unto God—" How great art thou !  
 Thy foes before thy presence bow !  
     How gracious are thy ways ! "

To thee all lands their homage bring,  
 They raise the song, they shout, they sing  
     The honors of thy name."  
 Come ! see the wondrous works of God ;  
 How dreadful is his vengeful rod !  
     How wide extends his fame !

He made a highway through the sea,  
 His people, long-enslaved, to free,  
     And give them Canaan's land ;  
 Through endless years his reign extends,  
 His piercing eye to earth he bends—  
     Ye despots ! fear his hand.

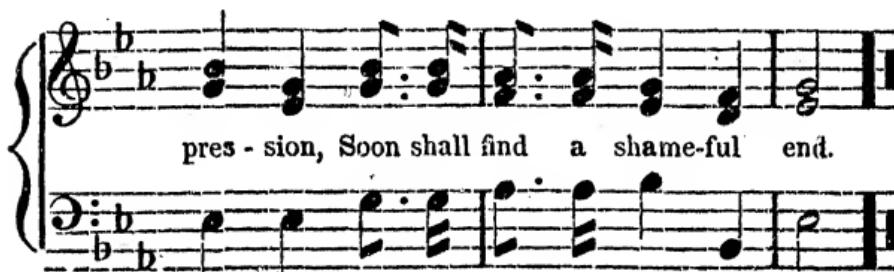
O ! bless our God, lift up your voice  
 Ye people ! sing aloud—rejoice—  
     His mighty praise declare ;  
 The Lord hath made our bondage cease,  
 Broke off our chains, brought sure release,  
     And turned to praise our prayer.

## HARK! A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

Words by Oliver Johnson.

Music—"Zion."

Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming, Com - fort to the mourn-ing slave; God has heard him long com- plain - ing, And ex- tends his arm to save; Proud op- pres-sion Soon shall find a shame-ful grave; Proud op-



See, the light of truth is breaking  
 Full and clear on every hand :  
 And the voice of mercy speaking,  
 Now is heard through all the land :  
 Firm and fearless,  
 See the friends of freedom stand,

Lo ! the nation is arousing  
 From its slumber long and deep ;  
 And the friends of God are waking,  
 Never, never more to sleep,  
 While a bondman,  
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming  
 O'er our country's sin and shame :  
 Let us now, the time redeeming,  
 Press the helpless captive's claim—  
 Till exulting,  
 He shall cast aside his chain.

## THE PLEASANT LAND WE LOVE.

Words by N. P. Willis.

Air, Carrier Dove.

Joy to the pleasant land we love, The wife sits meekly by the hearth, Her land our fathers trod! Joy to the land for in - fant child be - side; The fa - ther on his which they won "Free - dom to wor - ship God." For no - ble boy Looks with a fear - less pride. The

peace on all its sun - - ny hills, On  
 grey old man, be -neath the tree, Tales

eve - ry mountain broods, And sleeps by all its  
 of his childhood tells; And sweet - ly in the

gushing rills, And all its mighty floods.

hush of morn Peal out the Sab - bath bells.

And we **ARE** free—but is there not  
One blot upon our name?  
Is our proud record written fair  
Upon the scroll of fame?  
Our banner floateth by the shore,  
Our flag upon the sea;  
But when the fettered slave is loosed,  
We shall be truly free!

### The Freed Slave.

Yet once again, once more again,  
My bark bounds o'er the wave;  
They know not, who ne'er clanked the  
chain,  
What 'tis to be a slave:  
To sit alone, beside the wood,  
And gaze upon the sky:  
This may, indeed, be solitude,  
But 'tis not slavery.

Fatigued with labor's noontide task,  
To sigh in vain for sleep;  
Or faintly smile, our griefs to mask,  
When 't would be joy to weep;  
To court the shade of leafy bower,  
Thirst for the freeborn wave,  
But to obtain denied the power—  
This is to be a slave!

Son of the sword! on honor's field  
'Tis thine to find a grave;  
Yet, when from life's worst ill 'twould  
shield,  
It comes not to the slave.  
The lightsome to the heavy heart,  
The laugh changed to the sigh;

To live from all we love apart—  
Oh! this is slavery.

### The Liberty Flag.

ALTERED FROM J. H. AIKMAN.

Fling abroad its folds to the cooling breeze,  
Let it float at the mast-head high;  
And gather around, all hearts resolved,  
To sustain it there or die:  
An emblem of peace and hope to the  
world,  
Unstained let it ever be;  
And say to the world, where'er it waves,  
Our flag is the flag of the free!

That banner proclaims to the list'ning  
earth,  
That the reign of base tyrants is o'er,  
The galling chain of the cruel lord,  
Shall enslave mankind no more!  
An emblem of hope to the poor and  
crushed,  
O place it where all may see;  
And shout with glad voice as you raise it  
high,  
Our flag is the flag of the free!

Then on high, on high let that banner  
wave,  
And lead us the foe to meet,  
Let it float in triumph o'er our heads,  
Or be our winding sheet:  
And never, oh, never be it furled,  
"Till it wave o'er earth and sea;  
And all mankind shall swell the shout  
Our flag is the flag of the free.

## MARCH TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

Parody by G. W. C.

Air "Oft in the stilly night."

March to the bat - tle - field, The foe is now be -  
 fore us; Each heart is free - dom's shield, And  
 heaven is smil - - ing o'er us The

woes and pains of slave - ry's chains, That

bind three mill-ions un - - der; In proud disdain we'll

burst their chain, And tear each link a - sun - - der.

D. C.

Who for his country brave,  
 Would fly from her invader ?  
 Who his base life to save  
 Would traitor like degrade her ?  
 Our hallowed cause—  
 Our homes and laws,  
 'Gainst tyrant hosts sustaining,  
 We'll win a crown of bright renown,  
 Or die, man's rights maintaining,  
 March to the battlefield, &c.

**Oft in the Chilly Night.**

BY PIERPONT.

Oft in the chilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 When all her silvery light  
 The moon is pouring round me,  
 Beneath its ray I kneel and pray  
 That God would give some token  
 That slavery's chains on Southern plains,  
 Shall all ere long be broken :  
 Yes, in the chilly night,  
 Though slavery's chain has bound me,  
 Kneel I, and feel the might  
 Of God's right arm around me.

When at the driver's call,  
 In cold or sultry weather,  
 We slaves, both great and small,  
 Turn out to toil together,  
 I feel like one from whom the sun  
 Of hope has long departed ;  
 And morning's light, and weary night,  
 Still find me broken hearted :  
 Thus, when the chilly breath  
 Of night is sighing round me,  
 Kneel I, and wish that death  
 In his cold chain had bound me.

## SONG OF THE FREE.

Parodied by G. W. C.

Tune, Lutzow's Wild Hunt.

From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What

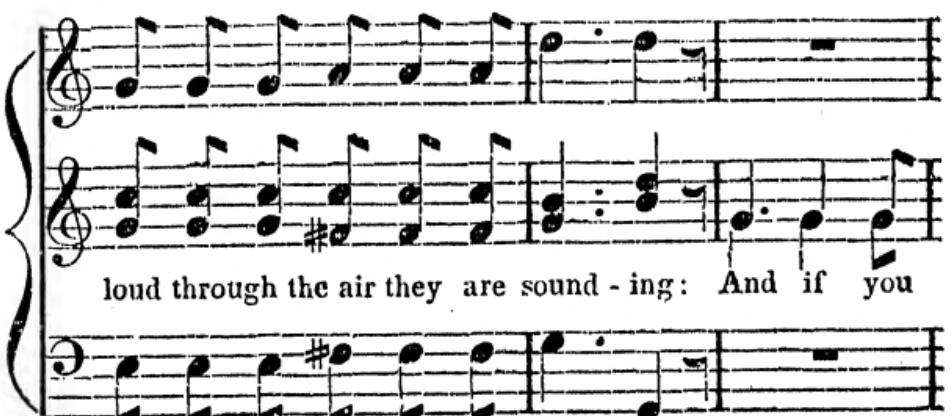
From valley and mountain, from hill-top and glen, What

shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds

shouts thro' the air are rebounding! And echo is sending the sounds

back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And

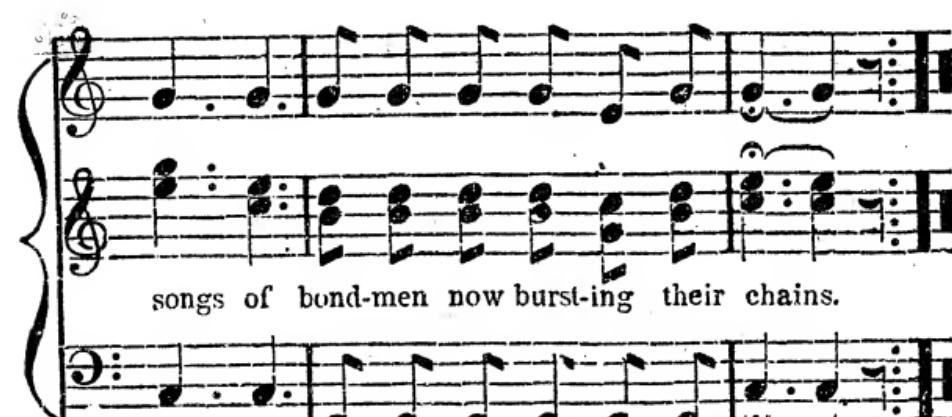
back again, And loud thro' the air they are sound-ing, And



loud through the air they are sound - ing: And if you



ask what those joyous strains ? 'Tis the 'Tis the



songs of bond-men now burst-ing their chains.

And who through our nation is waging the fight ?  
 What host from the battle is flying ?  
 Our true hearted freemen maintain the right,  
 And the monster oppression is dying,  
 And the monster oppression is dying :  
 And if you ask what you there behold ?  
 'Tis the army of freemen, the true and the bold.

Too long have slave-holders triumphantly reigned,  
 Too long in their chains have they bound us ;  
 To freedom awaking, no longer enchain'd,  
 The goddess of freedom has saved us,  
 The goddess of freedom has saved us :  
 And if you ask what has made us free ?  
 'Tis the vote that gave us our liberty.

### Holy Freedom.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.\*

The bondmen are free in the isles of the main !  
 The chains from their limbs they are flinging !  
 They stand up as men !—never tyrant again,  
 In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane !  
 It is Liberty's song that is ringing !  
 Hark ! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,  
 "Freedom ! Freedom ! Freedom, our joy is in thee !"

Alas ! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,  
 The groans of her slaves are resounding !  
 On plains of the South their life-blood they pour !  
 O, Freemen ! blest Freemen ! your help they implore !  
 It is Slavery's wail that is sounding !  
 Hark ! loud comes the cry on the Southern gale,  
 "Freedom ! Freedom ! Freedom or death must prevail !"

O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,  
 With courage and hope all abounding,  
 With weapons of love be ye bold for the right !  
 By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight !  
 Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,  
 Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out !  
 "Freedom ! Freedom !" list all the world to the shout !

\* Attributed to Pierpont in previous editions by mistake.

## YE SONS OF FREEMEN.

Words by Mrs. J. G. Carter.

Air, "Marseilles Hymn."

Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness, Hark! hark, what

myriads bid you rise; Three millions of our race in

madness Break out in wails, in bitter cries, Break out in

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 2/4 time. The top two staves are treble clef and the bottom staff is bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: "wails, in bitter cries; Must men whose hearts now bleed with".

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 2/4 time. The top two staves are treble clef and the bottom staff is bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: "anguish, Yes, trembling slaves, in freedom's land En-".

Three staves of musical notation in G major, 2/4 time. The top two staves are treble clef and the bottom staff is bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The lyrics are: "ture the lash, nor raise a hand? Must".

Unisons.

na - ture 'neath the whip-cord lan - guish ? Have

Pi - ty on the slave, Take cour-age from God's

word; Pray on, pray on, all hearts re-

3/4 time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of three staves: soprano, alto, and bass. The lyrics are: solved, These cap - - tives shall be free, Pray

3/4 time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of three staves: soprano, alto, and bass. The lyrics are: on, Pray on, all hearts re-

3/4 time, key of G major (two sharps). The vocal line consists of three staves: soprano, alto, and bass. The lyrics are: solved these cap - - tives shall be free.

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,  
 Which God in mercy long delays;  
 Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,  
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze !  
 While whole plantations smoke and blaze !

And we may now prevent the ruin,  
 Ere lawless force with guilty stride  
 Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—  
 With untold crimes their hands embruing.

Have pity on the slave;  
 Take courage from God's word;

Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

With luxury and wealth surrounded,  
 The southern masters proudly dare,  
 With thirst of gold and power unbounded,  
 To mete and vend God's light and air !  
 To mete and vend God's light and air ;  
 Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,  
 Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er ;  
 While they in vain for right implore ;  
 And shall they longer still be goaded ?

Have pity on the slave;  
 Take courage from God's word;

Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved these captives shall be free.

O Liberty ! can man e'er bind thee ?  
 Can overseers quench thy flame ?  
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,  
 Or threatens thy Heaven born spirit tame ?  
 Or threatens thy Heaven born spirit tame ?  
 Too long the slave has groaned bewailing  
 The power these heartless tyrants wield ;  
 Yet free them not by sword or shield,  
 For with men's heart's they're unavailing.

Have pity on the slave;  
 Take courage from God's word;

Vote on ! vote on ! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

## ARE YE TRULY FREE?

Words by J. R. Lowell.

Air, "Martyn."

Men! whose boast it is that ye  
If there breathe on earth a slave, Come of fa - thers  
Are ye tru - ly

Are ye not base slaves in-deed, Men un-wor - thy

brave and free;  
free and brave? If ye do not feel the  
to be freed?

chain, When it works a broth-er's pain.

Women! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe God's bounteous air,  
If ye hear without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains;  
Answer! are ye fit to be  
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break  
 Fetters for our own dear sake,  
 And, with leathern hearts forgot  
 That we owe mankind a debt?  
 No! true freedom is to share  
 All the chains our brothers wear,  
 And with hand and heart to be  
 Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
 For the fallen and the weak;  
 They are slaves, who will not choose  
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
 Rather than, in silence, shrink  
 From the truth they needs must think;  
 They are slaves, who dare not be  
 In the right with *two or three*.

### That's my Country.

Does the land, in native might,  
 Pant for Liberty and Right?  
 Long to cast from human kind  
 Chains of body and of mind—  
 That's my country, that's the land  
 I can love with heart and hand,  
 O'er her miseries weep and sigh,  
 For her glory live and die.

Does the land her banner wave,  
 Most invitingly, to save;  
 Woing to her arms of love,  
 Strangers who would freemen prove?  
 That's the land to which I cling,  
 Of her glories I can sing,  
 On her altar nobly swear  
 Higher still her fame to rear.

Does the land no conquest make,  
 But the war for honor's sake—  
 Count the greatest triumph won,  
 That which most of good has done—  
 That's the land approved of God;  
 That's the land whose stainless sod  
 O'er my sleeping dust shall bloom,  
 Noblest land and noblest tomb!

## LIBERTY BATTLE-SONG.

From "The Emancipator."

Air—"Our Warrior's Heart."

A - rouse, ye friends of law and right, A-  
 All who in Free-dom's cause de - light, A-  
 Then clear the decks for ac - tion, clear! A-  
 rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! } The time, the time, is  
 rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse! }  
 rouse, a - rouse, a - rouse!  
 draw - ing near, When we must at our posts ap - pear;

Awake, and couch Truth's fatal  
 dart,  
 Awake! awake! awake!  
 Bid error to the shades depart,  
 Awake! awake! awake!  
 Prepare to deal the deadly blow,  
 To lay the power of Slavery low,  
 A ballot, lads, is our veto;  
 Awake! awake! awake!

Arise! ye sons of honest toil,  
 Arise! arise! arise!  
 Ye freeborn tillers of the soil,  
 Arise! arise! arise!  
 Come from your workshops and  
 the field,  
 We've sworn to conquer ere we'll  
 yield;  
 The ballot-box is Freedom's shield,  
 Arise! arise! arise!

Unite, and strike for equal laws,  
Unite! unite! unite!  
For equal Justice! that's our cause,  
Unite! unite! unite!  
Shall the vile slavites win the day?  
Shall men of whips and blood bear  
sway?  
Unite, and dash their chains away,  
Unite! unite! unite!

March on! and vote the hirelings  
down,  
March on! march on! march on!  
Our blighted land with blessings  
crown,  
March on! march on! march on!  
Shall Manhood ever wear the  
chain?  
Shall Freedom look to us in vain?  
Up to the struggle! Strike again!  
March on! march on! march on!

Hurrah! the word pass down the  
line,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
While Birney's honored name shall  
shine,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
A star upon his country's  
page,  
Without a cloud, undimmed by age,  
Revered by patriot and by sage;  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

### Birney and Liberty.

Hurrah! the ball is rolling on,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

In spite of whig or loco don,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Our country still has hopes to rise,  
The bravest efforts win the prize,  
Hurrah! &c.

With joy elate our friends appear,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Our vaunting foes are filled with  
fear,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Ten thousand slaves have run  
away  
From Georgia to Canada;  
Hurrah! &c.

Lo! all the world for Birney now,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
See! as he comes the parties bow,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
No iron mixed with miry clay,  
Will ever do, the people say,  
Hurrah! &c.

Then up, ye hearties, one and all!  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Be faithful to your country's call;  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Let none the vote of freedom shun,  
Run to the meeting—run, run, run!  
Hurrah, &c.

Be Birney's name the one you  
choose,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
Let not a soul his ballot lose,  
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
No other man in this our day  
Will ever do, the people say:  
Hurrah! &c.

## THE BALLOT-BOX.

Air—from "Lincoln."

Free-dom's con-se- era-ted dower, Cas - ket

Guard it, Free-men! guard it well, Spot - less

of a priceless gem! No-blur her-it-age of power,

as your maiden's fame! Never let your children tell

Than im-pe-rial di-a-dem! Corner-stone, on which was

Of your weakness, of your shame; That their fathers basely

reared, Lib-er-ty's tri-um-phal dome, When her

sold. What was bought with blood and toil, That you



glorious form appeared, 'Midst our own Green Mountain home.

bartered right for gold, Here, on Freedom's sacred soil.

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,  
Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,  
Watch, when danger hovers nigh,  
From his lofty mountain height;  
While the stripes and stars shall wave  
O'er this treasure, pure and free—  
The land's Palladium, it shall save  
The home and shrine of liberty.

### Christian Mother.

BY MISS C.

Christian mother, when thy prayer,  
Trembles on the twilight air,  
And thou askest God to keep  
In their waking and their sleep,  
Those, whose love is more to thee  
Than the wealth of land or sea—  
Think of those who wildly mourn  
For the loved ones from them torn.

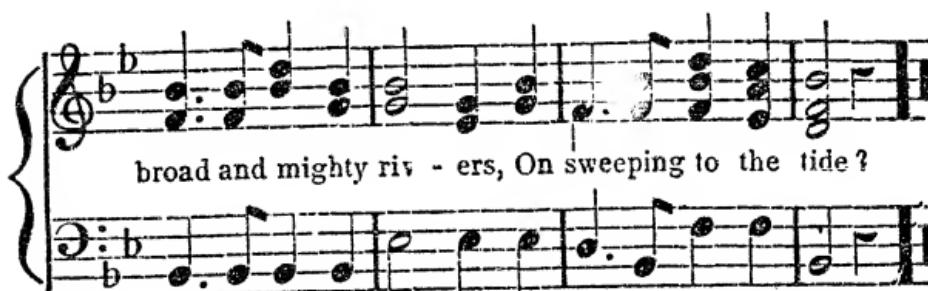
Christian daughter, sister, wife,  
Ye who wear a guarded life,  
Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God,  
On a tyrant's word or nod,  
Will ye hear, with careless eye,  
Of the wild, despairing cry,  
Rising up from human hearts,  
As their latest bliss departs.

Blest ones, whom no hands on earth,  
Dare to wrench from home and hearth  
Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well  
By affection's holy spell;  
Oh, forget not those for whom  
Life is nought but changeless gloom!  
O'er whose days, so woe-begone,  
Hope may paint no brighter dawn.

## THE LIBERTY PARTY.

Words by E. Wright, jr. Tune—"Tis Dawn, the Lark is Singing."

2. Wilt thou des-pise the cres-cent, That trembles, newly  
 shoot, Ye gi-ants of the for-est, That  
 born, Thou bright and peer-less plan-et, Whose  
 strike the deep-est root? Will ye des-pise the  
 reign shall reach the morn? Time now his scythe is  
 stream-lets Up-on the moun-tain side; Ye  
 whet-ting, Ye gi-ant oaks, for you; Ye



floods, the sea is thirst - ing, To drink you like the dew.

That crescent, faint and trembling,  
Her lamp shall nightly trim,  
Till thou, imperious planet,  
Shall in her light grow dim ;  
And so shall wax the Party,  
Now feeble at its birth,  
Till Liberty shall cover  
This tyrant trodden earth.

That party, as we term it,  
The Party of the Whole—  
Has for its firm foundation,  
The substance of the soul ;  
It groweth out of Reason,  
The strongest soil below ;  
The smaller is its budding,  
The more its room to grow !

Then rally to its banners,  
Supported by the true—  
The weakest are the waning,  
The many are the few :  
Of what is small, but living,  
God makes himself the nurse ;  
While "Onward" cry the voices  
Of all his universe.

Our plant is of the cedar,  
That knoweth not decay :  
Its growth shall bless the mountains,  
Till mountains pass away.  
God speed the infant party,  
The party of the whole—  
And surely he will do it,  
While reason is its soul.

## BE FREE, O MAN, BE FREE.

Words by Mary H. Maxwell.

Music by G. W. C.

The storm-winds wildly blowing, The bursting billows  
As, with their foam-crests glowing, They dash the sea-girt

mock, } A - mid the wild com - mo - tion, The

rev - - el of the sea, A voice is on the

o - - cean, Be free, O man, be free.

Behold the sea-brine leaping  
High in the murky air;  
List to the tempest sweeping  
In chainless fury there.  
What moves the mighty torrent,  
And bids it flow abroad?  
Or turns the rapid current?  
What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit  
Less noble or less free?  
From whom does it inherit  
The doom of slavery?  
When man can bind the waters,  
That they no longer roll,  
Then let him forge the fetters  
To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing  
From earth and sea, and sky,  
And to the soul revealing  
Its immortality.  
The swift wind chants the numbers  
Careering o'er the sea,  
And earth aroused from slumbers,  
Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

**Arouse! Arouse!**

Arouse, arouse, arouse!  
Ye bold New England men!  
No more with sullen brows,  
Remain as ye have been:

Your country's freedom calls,  
Once bought by patriots' blood;  
Rouse, or that freedom falls  
Beneath the tyrant's rod!

Three million men in chains,  
Your friendly aid implore;  
Slight you the piteous strains  
That from their bosoms pour?  
Shall it be told in story,  
Or troll'd in burning song,  
New England's boasted glory  
Forgot the bondman's wrong?

Shall freeman's sons be taunted,  
That freedom's spirit's fled;  
That what the fathers vaunted,  
With sordid sons is dead?  
That they in grovelling gain  
Have lost their ancient fire,  
And 'neath the despot's chain,  
Let liberty expire?

Oh no, your father's bones  
Would cry out from the ground;  
Ay, e'en New England's stones  
Would echo on the sound:  
Rouse, then, New England men!  
Rally in freedom's name!  
In your bosoms once again  
Light up the sleeping flame!

## THE LAST NIGHT OF SLAVERY.

Tune—“Cherokee Death-song.

Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains re-

joice, Let all the glad lands Breathe a ju - bi - lant

voice; The sun that now sets on the waves of the

sea Shall gild with his ris-ing the land of the free.

Let the islands be glad !  
For their King in his might,  
Who his glory hath clad  
With a garment of light,  
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,  
And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

No more shall the deep,  
Lend its awe-stricken waves,  
In their caverns to steep  
Its wild burden of slaves ;  
The Lord sitteth King—sitteth King on the flood,  
He heard, and hath answered the voice of their blood.

Dispel the blue haze,  
Golden fountain of morn !  
With meridian blaze  
The wide ocean adorn :  
The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the sea,  
And day now illuminates the land of the free.

## THE LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Words by a Lady.

Air— Morgiana in Ireland.

When bright morn - ing lights the hills,  
 Where free children sing most cheerily, My young breast with  
 sor - row fills, While here I plod my  
 way so wea-ri- ly: Sad my face, more sad my heart, From  
 home, from all I had to part, A  
 lov - ing moth-er, my sis - ter, my brother, For  
 chains and lash in hope - less mis - e - ry,



Chil - dren try it, could you try it;



But one day to live in sla - ve - ry, Children try it,



try it; try it; Come, come, give me lib - er - ty.

Ere I close my eyes to sleep,

Thoughts of home keep coming over me;

All alone I wake and weep—

Yet mother hears not—no one pities me—

Never smiling, sick, forlorn,

Oh that I had ne'er been born!

I should not sorrow to die to-morrow,

Then mother earth would kindly shelter me;

Children try it, could you try it!

Give me freedom, yes, from misery!

Children try it, try it, try it!

Come, come, give me Liberty!

## STOLEN WE WERE.

Words by a Colored Man.


 The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is A major (one sharp). The time signature is common time (indicated by a '4'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "Sto - len we were from Af - ri - ca, Trans - Its work all day and half the night, And". The second section, starting with "port - ed to A - mer - i - ca; rise be - fore the morning light; { Sinner! man! why", includes a "Chorus." section indicated by a bracket and a repeat sign. The third section continues with "dont you re - pent? For the judg - ment is roll - ing a -", followed by "round! For the judg - ment is roll - ing a - round!". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

Sto - len we were from Af - ri - ca, Trans -  
 Its work all day and half the night, And

port - ed to A - mer - i - ca; { Sinner! man! why  
 rise be - fore the morning light;

dont you re - pent? For the judg - ment is roll - ing a -  
 round! For the judg - ment is roll - ing a - round!

Chorus.

---

Like the brute beast in public street,  
Endure the cold and stand the heat ;  
King Jesus told you once before  
o go your way and sin no more ;  
Sinner ! man ! &c.

If e'er I reach the Northern shore,  
I'll ne'er go back, no, never more ;  
I think I hear these ladies say,  
We'll sing for Freedom night and day ;  
Sinner ! man ! &c.

Now let us all, yes, every man,  
Vote for the Slave, for now we can ;  
Break every yoke and every chain,  
And make the slave a man again ;  
Sinner ! man ! &c.

Come let us go for James G. Birney,  
Who sells not flesh and blood for money ;  
He is the man you all can see,  
Who gave his slaves their liberty ;  
Sinner ! man ! &c.

We hail thee as an honest Man,  
God made thee on his noblest plan ;  
To stand for freedom in that hour,  
To thrust a blow at Slavery's power ;  
Sinner ! man ! &c.

## A. VISION.\*

Words by Crary.

Music by G. W. C.

At dead of night, when oth - ers sleep, Near

Hell I took my sta-tion; And from that dun - geon,

dark and deep, O'er - heard this con - ver.

sa - tion: "Hail, Prince of Darkness, ev - er hail, A-

\* Scene in the nether world—purporting to be a conversation between the departed ghost of a Southern slaveholding clergyman, and the devil!

dored by each in - fer - nal, I come a - mong your  
 gang to wail, And taste of death e - ter - nal.

"Where are you from?" the fiend demands,

"What makes yott look so frantic?  
Are you from Carolina's strand,

Just west of the Atlantic?

"Are you that man of blood and birth,  
Devoid of human feeling?

The wretch I saw, when last on earth,  
In human cattle dealing?

"Whose soul, with blood and rapine  
stain'd,

With deeds of crime to dark it;  
Who drove God's image, starved and  
chained,

To sell like beasts in market?

"Who tore the infant from the breast,  
That you might sell its mother?  
Whose craving mind could never rest,  
Till you had sold a brother?

"Who gave the sacrament to those  
Whose chains and handcuffs rattle?  
Whose backs soon after felt the blows,  
More heavy than thy cattle?"

"I'm from the South," the ghost replies,  
"And I was there a teacher;  
Saw men in chains, with laughing eyes:  
I was a Southern Preacher!"

"In tasselled pulpits, gay and fine,  
I strove to please the tyrants,  
To prove that slavery is divine,  
And what the Scripture warrants.

"And when I saw the horrid sight,  
Of slaves by tortures dying,  
And told their masters all was right,  
I knew that I was lying.

"I knew all this, and who can doubt?  
I felt a sad misgiving?  
But still, I knew, if I spoke out,  
That I should lose my living.  
"They made me fat, they paid me well,  
To preach down abolition,  
I slept—I died—I woke in Hell,  
How altered my condition!

"I now am in a sea of fire,  
Whose fury ever rages;  
I am a slave, and can't get free,  
Through everlasting ages.  
"Yes! when the sun and moon shall fade,  
And fire the rocks dissever,  
I must sink down beneath the shade,  
And feel God's wrath for ever.

Our Ghost stood trembling all the  
while—

He saw the scene transpiring;  
With soul aghast and visage sad,  
All hope was now retiring.  
The Demon cried, on vengeance bent,  
"I say, in haste, retire!  
And you shall have a negro sent  
To attend and punch the fire."

## GET OFF THE TRACK.

Words by Jesse Hutchinson.

Air, "Dan Tucker."

Ho! the car Emancipation Rides majestic thro' our nation,

Bearing on its train the story, Liberty! a nation's glory.

Roll it a - long, roll it a - long, roll it a - long,

thro' the na-tion, Freedom's car, Eman-ci-pa - tion!

Men of various predilections,  
Frightened, run in all directions;  
Merchants, editors, physicians,  
Lawyers, priests, and politicians.

Get out of the way! every station!  
Clear the track of 'mancipation!

Let the ministers and churches  
 Leave behind sectarian lurches;  
 Jump on board the Car of Freedom,  
 Ere it be too late to need them.  
 Sound the alarm! Pulpits thunder!  
 Ere too late you see your blunder!

Politicians gazed, astounded,  
 When, at first, our bell resounded:  
*Freight trains* are coming, tell these foxes,  
 With our *votes* and *ballot boxes*.  
 Jump for your lives! politicians,  
 From your dangerous, false positions.

Railroads to Emancipation  
 Cannot rest on *Clay* foundation.  
 And the road that Polk erects us,  
 Leads to slavery, and to Texas!  
 Pull up the rails! Emancipation  
 Cannot rest on such foundation.

All true friends of Emancipation,  
 Haste to Freedom's railroad station;  
 Quick into the cars get seated,  
 All is ready and completed.—  
 Put on the steam! all are crying,  
 And the liberty flags are flying.

On, triumphant see them bearing,  
 Through sectarian rubbish tearing;  
 The bell and whistle and the steaming,  
 Startle thousands from their dreaming.  
 Look out for the cars while the bell rings!  
 Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us;  
 At the depôts thousands greet us;  
 All take seats with exultation,  
 In the Car Emancipation.  
 Huzza! Huzza!! Emancipation  
 Soon will bless our happy nation.  
 Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!!!

## EMANCIPATION SONG.

Words from the "Bangor Gazette."

Air, "Crambambule."

Let wait-ing throngs now lift their voi-ces, As  
While every gen - tie tongue re - - joices, And

Free - dom's glo - rious day draws near, } The  
each bold heart is filled with cheer, }

slave has seen the Northern star, He'll soon be free, hurrah, hurrah !

Hurrah, hurrah, hur - rah, hur - rah !

Though many still are writhing under  
 The cruel whips of "chevaliers,"  
 Who mothers from their children sunder,  
 And scourge them for their helpless tears—  
 Their safe deliv'rance is not far!  
 The day draws nigh!—hurrah, hurrah!

Just ere the dawn the darkness deepest  
 Surrounds the earth as with a pall;  
 Dry up thy tears, O thou that wepest,  
 That on thy sight the rays may fall!  
 No doubt let now thy bosom mar:  
 Send up the shout—hurrah, hurrah!

Shall we distrust the God of Heaven?—  
 He every doubt and fear will quell;  
 By him the captive's chains are riven—  
 So let us loud the chorus swell!  
 Man shall be free from cruel law,—  
 Man shall be MAN!—hurrah, hurrah!

No more again shall it be granted  
 To southern overseers to rule—  
 No more will pilgrims' sons be taunted  
 With cringing low in slavery's school.  
 So clear the way for Freedom's car—  
 The free shall rule!—hurrah, hurrah!

Send up the shout Emancipation—  
 From heaven let the echoes bound—  
 Soon will it bless this franchised nation,  
 Come raise again the stirring sound?  
 Emancipation near and far—  
 Swell up the shout—hurrah! hurrah!

## HARBINGER OF LIBERTY.

Words by a Lady.

Music by G. W. C.

See yon glo-rious star as - cend - ing, Brightly  
Truth and peace on earth por- tending, Herald

o'er the Southern sea! } of a ju - bi - lee! } Hail it, Free-men! Hail it

Free - men! 'Tis the star of Lib - er - ty.

Jim at first—but widely spreading,  
 Soon 'twill burst supremely bright,  
 Life and health and comfort shedding  
 O'er the shades of moral night ;  
 Hail it, Bondmen !  
 Slavery cannot bear its light.

Few its rays—it is but the dawning  
 Of the reign of truth and peace ;  
 Joy to slaves—yet sad forewarning,  
 To the tyrants of our race ;  
 Tremble, Tyrants !  
 Soon your cruel pow'r will cease.

Earth is brighten'd by the glory  
 Of its mild and peaceful rays ;  
 Ransom'd slaves shall tell the story,  
 See its light, and sing its praise ;  
 Hail it, Christians !  
 Harbinger of better days.

#### **Light of Truth.**

HARK ! a voice from heaven proclaiming  
 Comfort to the mourning slave ;  
 God has heard him long complaining,  
 And extends his arm to save ;  
 Proud Oppression  
 Soon shall find a shameful grave.

See ! the light of truth is breaking,  
 Full and clear on ev'ry hand ;  
 And the voice of mercy, speaking,  
 Now is heard through all the land ;  
 Firm and fearless,  
 See the friends of Freedom stand !

Lo ! the nation is arousing  
 From its slumbers, long and deep ;  
 And the church of God is waking,  
 Never, never more to sleep,  
 While a bondman,  
 In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long, have we been dreaming,  
 O'er our country's sin and shame ;  
 Let us now, the time redeeming,  
 Press the helpless captive's claim,  
 Till, exulting,  
 He shall cast aside his chain.

## ODE TO JAMES G. BIRNEY.

Words by Elizur Wright.

Music by G. W. C.

We hail thee, Birney, just and true, the calm and fearless,

staunch and tried, The bra - vest of the

val - iant few, Our coun - try's hope, our

country's pride! In Freedom's battle take the van;

We hail thee as an hon - est man.

Thy country, in her darkest hour,  
 When heroes bend at Mammon's shrine,  
 And virtue sells herself to Power,  
 Lights up in smiles at deeds like thine !  
 Then welcome to the battle's van—  
 We hail thee as an HONEST MAN !

Thy own example leads the way  
 From Egypt's gloom to Canaan's light;  
 Thy justice is the breaking day  
 Of Slavery's long and guilty night ;  
 Then welcome to the battle's van—  
 We hail thee as an honest man.

Thine is the eagle eye to see,  
 And thine a human heart to feel ;  
 A worthy leader of the free,  
 We'll trust thee with a Nation's weal ;  
 We'll trust thee in the battle's van—  
 We hail thee as an honest man.

An honest man—an honest man—  
 God made thee on his noblest plan,  
 To do the right and brave the scorn ;  
 To stand in Freedom's " hope forlorn ;"  
 Then welcome to the triumph's van—  
 WE HAIL THEE AS OUR CHOSEN MAN !

## A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.\*

Oh, it is not the tear at this mo-ment shed, When the  
That can tell how beloved was the soul that's fled, Or how

cold turf has just been laid o'er him, } 'Tis the  
deep in our hearts we de - plore him: }

tear through many a long day wept, Through a life by his loss all

\* As sung by G. W. C. at the erection of the monument to the memory of Myron Holley, Mount Hope, Rochester. It may be sung as a Dirge.

sha - ded, 'Tis the sad re - mem - brance

fondly kept, When all oth-er griefs have fa - ded.

Oh ! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light  
 While it shines through our hearts will improve them ;  
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,  
 When we think how he lived but to love them.  
 And as buried saints the grave perfume,  
 Where fadeless they've long been lying ;—  
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom  
 From the image he left there in dying.

## THE LIBERTY VOTER'S SONG.

Words by E. Wright, jr.

Air, from "Niel Gow's Farewell."

The vote, the vote, the mighty vote, Though once we used a

hum-bler note, And prayed our servants to be just, We

Chorus.

tell them now they must, they must. The tyrant's grapple

by 'our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With

by 'our vote, We'll loosen from our brother's throat, With

Wash - ing - ton we here a - gree, The  
 vote's the wea - - pon of the free.

We'll scatter not the precious power  
 On parties that to slavery cower;  
 But make it one against the wrong,  
 Till down it comes, a million strong.  
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll bake the dough-face with our vote,  
 Who stood the scorching when we wrote;  
 An though they spurned our earnest prayers,  
 The ballot bids them now, beware.  
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,  
 Who in the Southern harness draw;  
 So well contented to be slaves,  
 They fain would prove their fathers knaves!  
 The tyrant's grapple, &c.

We'll not provoke our wives to use  
 A power that we through fear abuse;  
 His mother shall not blush to own  
 One voter of us for a son.

The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,  
 We'll loosen from our brother's throat;  
 With Washington we here agree,  
 Whose MOTHER taught him to be free!

## THE LIBERTY BALL.

G. W. C.

Air, "Rosin the Bow."

Come all ye true friends of the nation, Attend to humanity's

call; Come aid the poor slave's libe - ra - tion, And

roll on the lib - er - ty ball—And roll on the lib-er - ty

ball—And roll on the liberty ball, Come aid the poor slaves libe-

ra - tion, and roll on the lib - er - ty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing—  
For freedom to *all* they declare ;  
The down-trodden millions are sighing—  
Come, break up our gloom of despair.  
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,  
And aid on the liberty cause,  
And millions will rise up and bless you  
With heart-cheering songs of applause,  
With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Whigs forsake slavery's minions,  
And boldly step into our ranks ;  
We care not for party opinions,  
But invite all the friends of the banks,—  
And invite all the friends of the banks, &c.

And when we have formed the blest union  
We'll firmly march on, one and all—  
We'll sing when we meet in communion,  
And *roll on* the liberty ball,  
And *roll on* the liberty ball, &c.

How can you stand halting while virtue  
Is sweetly appealing to all ;  
Then haste to the standard of duty,  
And roll on the liberty ball ;  
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

The question of test is now turning,  
And freedom or slavery must fall,  
While hope in the bosom is burning,  
We'll roll on the liberty ball ;  
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

Ye freemen attend to your voting,  
Your ballots will answer the call ;  
And while others attend to *log-rolling*,  
We'll roll on the liberty ball—  
We'll roll on the liberty ball, &c.

**The Trumpet of Freedom.**  
HARK! hark! to the TRUMPET of FREE-  
DOM !  
Her rallying signal she blows :

Come, gather around her broad banner,  
And battle 'gainst Liberty's foes.

Our forefathers plighted their honor,  
Their lives and their property, too,  
To maintain in defiance of Britain,  
Their principles, righteous and true.

We'll show to the world we are worthy  
The blessings our ancestors won,  
And finish the temple of Freedom,  
That HANCOCK and FRANKLIN begun.

Hurra, for the old-fashioned doctrine,  
That men are created all free!  
We ever will boldly maintain it,  
Nor care who the tyrant may be.

When Poland was fighting for freedom,  
Our voices went over the sea,  
To bid her God-speed in the contest—  
That Poland, like us, might be free.

When down-trodden Greece had up-risen,  
And baffled the Mahomet crew;  
We rejoiced in the glorious issue,  
That Greece had her liberty, too.

Repeal, do we also delight in—  
Three cheers for the "gem of the sea!"  
And soon may the bright day be dawning,  
When Ireland, like us, shall be free.

Like us, who are foes to oppression;  
But not like America now.

With shame do we blush to confess,  
Too many to slavery bow.

We're foes unto wrong and oppression,  
No matter which side of the sea;  
And ever intend to oppose them,  
Till all of God's image are free.

Some tell us because men are colored,  
They should not our sympathy share;  
We ask not the form or complexion—  
The seal of our Maker is there!

Success to the old-fashioned doctrine,  
That men are created all free!  
And down with the power of the despot  
Wherever his strongholds may be be

We're proud of the name of a freeman  
And proud of the character, too;  
And never will do any action,  
Save such as a freeman may do.

We'll finish the Temple of Freedom,  
And make it capacious within,  
That all who seek shelter may find it,  
Whatever the hue of their skin.

For thus the Almighty designed it,  
And gave to our fathers the plan;  
Intending that liberty's blessings,  
Should rest upon every man.

Then up with the cap-stone and cornice,  
With columns encircle its wall,  
Throw open its gateway, and make it  
A HOME AND A REFUGE FOR ALL!

## BREAK EVERY YOKE.

Tune—"O no, we never mention her."

Break eve - ry yoke, the Gos - pel cries, And  
 Let eve - ry cap - tive taste the joys Of  
 Send thy good Spir - it from a - bove, And  
 Send sweet de - liv - 'rance to the slave, And  
 let th'op-pressed go free, { Lord, when shall man thy  
 peace and lib - er - ty. }  
 melt th'op - pres - sor's heart, { With free- dom's bless - ing  
 bid his woes de - part. }  
 voice o -- obey, And rend each i - ron chain, Oh  
 crown his day—O'er - flow his heart with love, Teach  
 when shall love its golden sway, O'er all the earth main-tain..  
 him that straight and nar - row way, Which leads to rest a - bove.

## THE YANKEE GIRL.

Words by Whittier.

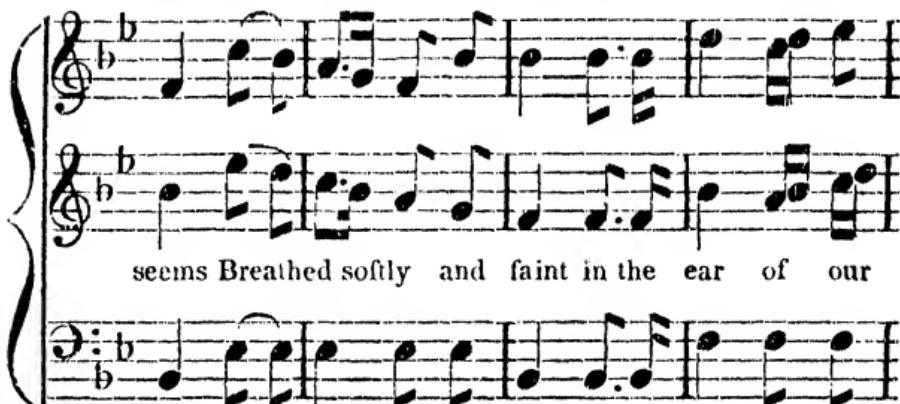
Music by G. W. C.

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a bass line and an upper line. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is divided into three sections by large curly braces on the left.

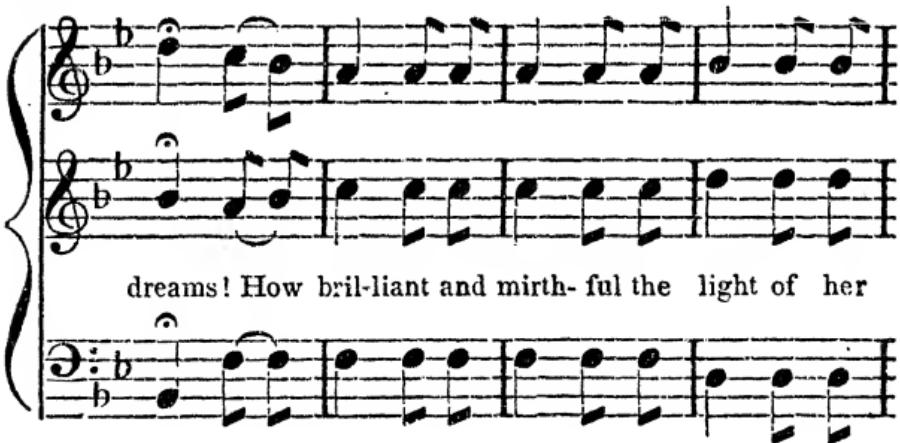
**Section 1:** The lyrics are: "She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door, Which the long evening shadow is stretching before; With a music as sweet as the music which".

**Section 2:** The lyrics are: "She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door, Which the long evening shadow is stretching before; With a music as sweet as the music which".

**Section 3:** The lyrics are: "She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door, Which the long evening shadow is stretching before; With a music as sweet as the music which".



seems Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our



dreams! How brilliant and mirth- ful the light of her



eye, Like a star glan - cing out from the

2 b

blue of the sky ! And light - ly and

3 b

2 b

free - ly her dark tres - ses play O'er a

3 b

2 b

brow and a bo - som as love - ly as they !

3 b

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?  
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves  
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,  
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;  
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!"

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,  
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all  
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,  
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—  
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,  
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold!  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!"

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee*!"

## FREEDOM'S GATHERING.

Words from the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Music by G. W. C.

A voice has gone forth, and the land is awake! Our  
 free-men shall gather from o - cean to lake, Our  
 cause is as pure as the earth ev-er saw, And our

2 b

3 b

3 b

faith we will pledge in the thrill-ing huz-za.

2 b

3 b

2 b

3 b

Then huz-za, then huz-za, Truth's

2 b

3 b

2 b

3 b

glittering fal-chi-on for free-dom we draw.

2 b

3 b

Let them blacken our names and pursue us with ill,  
Our hearts shall be faithful to liberty still;  
Then rally! then rally! come one and come all,  
With harness well girded, and echo the call.

Thy hill-tops, New England, shall leap at the cry,  
And the prairie and far distant south shall reply;  
It shall roll o'er the land till the fathermost glen  
Gives back the glad summons again and again.

Oppression shall hear in its temple of blood,  
And read on its wall the handwriting of God;  
Niagara's torrent shall thunder it forth,  
It shall burn in the sentinel star of the North.

It shall blaze in the lightning, and speak in the thunder,  
Till Slavery's fetters are riven asunder,  
And freedom her rights has triumphantly won,  
And our country her garments of beauty put on.

Then huzza, then huzza,  
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

Let them blacken our names, and pursue us with ill,  
We bow at thy altar, sweet liberty still!  
As the breeze from the mountain sweeps over the river,  
So, chainless and free, shall our thoughts be, for ever.

Then on to the conflict for freedom and truth;  
Come Matron, come Maiden, come Manhood and youth,  
Come gather! come gather! come one and come all,  
And soon shall the altars of Slavery fall.

The forests shall know it, and lift up their voice,  
To bid the green prairies and valleys rejoice;  
And the "Father of Waters," join Mexico's sea,  
In the anthem of Nature for millions set free.

Then huzza! then huzza!  
Truth's glittering falchion for freedom we draw.

### Be kind to each other.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!  
Then 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The blest recollection,  
Of kindness—returned!  
  
When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps

Her watch, broken-hearted,  
Where all she loved sleeps!  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy disprove—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer still cling!  
Oh! be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone.

## PRAISE AND PRAYER.

Words by Miss Chandler.

Praise for slum-bers of the night, For the Glad-ness  
 For the board with plen-ty spread, Healthful pulse and cloud-less eye, Open - ing

wakening morning's light, } Heathful pulse and cloudless  
 o'er the spi - rit shed; } on the smil-ing sky.

D. C.

Praise ! for loving hearts that still  
 With life's bounding pulses thrill ;  
 Praise, that still our own may know—  
 Earthly joy and earthly woe.  
 Praise for every varied good,  
 Bounteous round our pathway strew'd !

Prayer ! for grateful hearts to raise  
 Incense meet of prayer and praise !  
 Prayer, for spirits calm and meek,

Wisdom life's best joys to seek ;  
 Strength 'midst devious paths to tread—  
 That through which the Saviour led.

Prayer ! for those who, day by day,  
 Weep their bitter life away ;  
 Prayer, for those who bind the chain  
 Rudely on their throbbing vein—  
 That repentance deep may win  
 Pardon for the fearful sin !

## THE SLAVE'S LAMENTATION.

A Parody by Tucker.

Air, "Long, long ago."

Where are the friends that to me were so  
Where are the hopes that my heart used to

I am de - gra - ded, for man was my  
dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a-  
cheer? Long, long a - go, long, long a-  
foe, Long, long a - go, long, long a-  
go!  
Friends that I loved in the  
go!  
go!

grave are laid low, All hope of

D. C.

free - dom hath fled from me now.

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—

Long, long ago—long ago !

Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead !

Long, long ago—long ago !

She was my angel, my love and my pride—

Vainly to save her from torture I tried,

Poor broken heart ! She rejoiced as she died,

Long, long ago—long, long ago !

Let me look back on the days of my youth—

Long, long ago—long ago !

Master withheld from me knowledge and truth—

Long, long ago—long ago !

Crushed all the hopes of my earliest day,

Sent me from father and mother away—

Forbade me to read, nor allowed me to pray—

Long, long ago—long, long ago !

## THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

Montgomery and Denison.

Tune, "Duane Street."

A poor way - far - ing man of grief, Hath

of - ten cross-ed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

for re - lief, That I could nev - er an - swer nay; I

had not power to ask his name, Whither he went or

whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye, Which  
won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered—not a word he spake—  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again :  
Mine was an angel's portion then,  
For while I fed, with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof:  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof;  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
I laid him on my couch to rest:  
Then made the ground my bed and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,  
And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,  
His sweat fell fast along the plains,  
Deep dyed from many a fearful gash:  
But I in bonds remembered him,  
And strove to free each fettered limb,  
As with my tears I washed his blood,  
Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

---

I saw him in the negro pew,  
His head hung low upon his breast,  
His locks were wet with drops of dew,  
Gathered while he for entrance pressed  
Within those aisles, whose courts are given  
That black and white may reach one heaven;  
And as I meekly sought his feet,  
He smiled, and made a throne my seat.

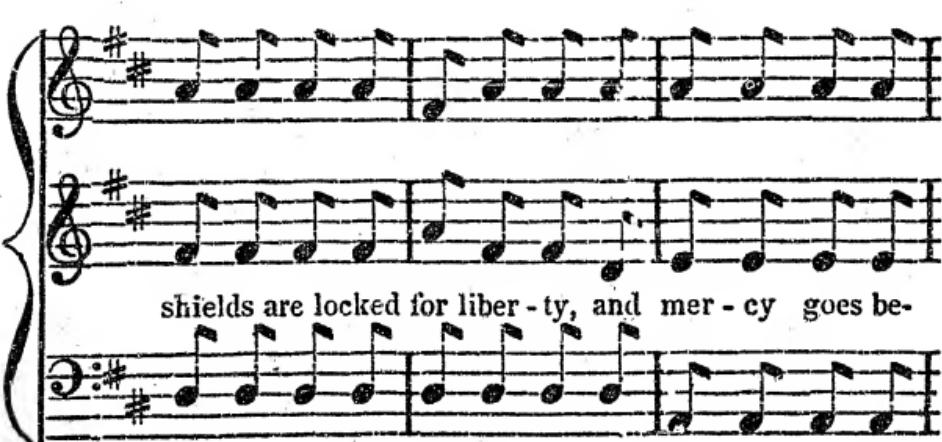
In prison I saw him next condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him midst shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die;  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,  
The stranger darted from disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew,  
My Saviour stood before my eyes!  
He spoke, and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,  
These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

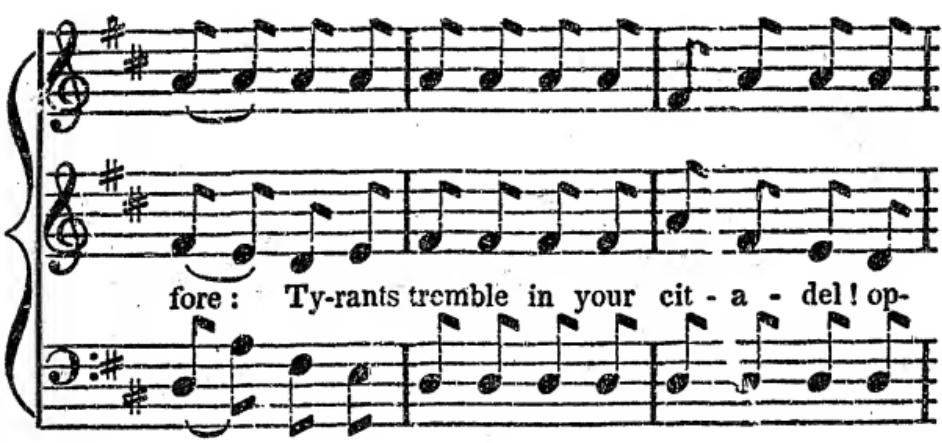
## WERE FOR FREEDOM THOUGH THE LAND.

Words by J. E. Robinson. Music arranged from the "Old Granite State."

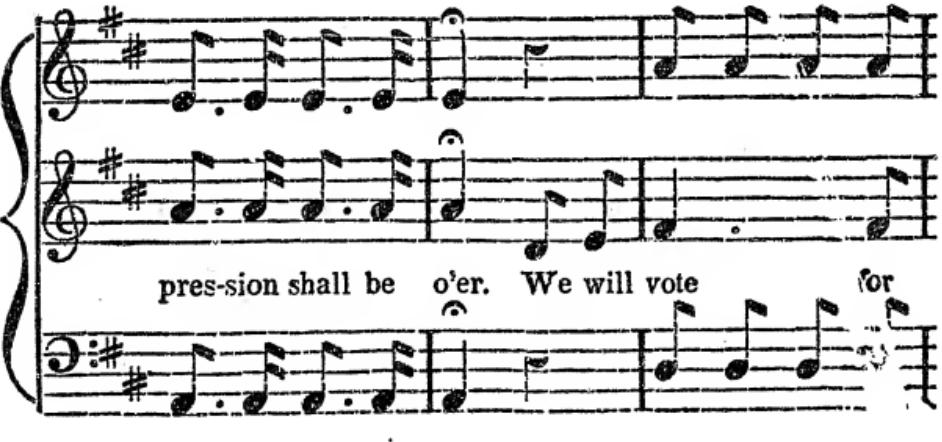
We are com-ing, we are com-ing! free-dom's  
 bat - tle is be - gun! No hand shall furl her  
 ban - ner ere her vic - to - ry be won! Our



shields are locked for liber - ty, and mer - cy goes be-



fore : Ty-rants tremble in your cit - a - del! op-



pres-sion shall be o'er. We will vote for

Birney, We will vote for Birney, We're for  
 Liberty and Birney, and for Freedom through the land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;  
 We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;  
 We are coming, we are coming! and, "No league with tyrant man,"  
 Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van!

We will vote for Birney,  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We're for Liberty and Birney,  
 And for Freedom through the land!

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle brand:  
 We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter in our  
 hand,  
 And our voice which swells for freedom—freedom now and ever  
 more—

Shall be heard as ocean's thunder, when they burst upon the shore!  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We're for Liberty and Birney,  
 And for Freedom through the land.

Be patient, O, be patient ! ye suffering ones of earth !  
 Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth ;  
 With fettered limbs and spirits, your battle shall be won !  
 O be patient—we are coming ! suffer on, suffer on !

We will vote for Birney,  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We're for Liberty and Birney,  
 And for Freedom through the land.

We are coming, we are coming ! not as comes the tempest's  
 wrath,  
 When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path ;  
 But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon  
 The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.

We will vote for Birney,  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We're for Liberty and Birney,  
 And for Freedom through the land.

O, be patient in your misery ! be mute in your despair !  
 While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air !  
 Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,  
 We are coming ! we are coming ! bringing freedom to the bound !

We will vote for Birney,  
 We will vote for Birney,  
 We're for Liberty and Birney,  
 And for Freedom through the land.

NOTE.—Suggested by a song sung by George W. Clark, at a recent convention  
 in Rochester, N. Y.

## WE ARE ALL CHILDREN OF ONE PARENT.

Words from the Youth's Cabinet.

Music by L. Mason.

Sister, thou art worn and weary, Toiling for another's gain ;

Theu must rise at dawn of light, And thy daily task pursue,

Life with thee is dark and dreary, Filled with wretchedness and pain,

Till the darkness of the night Hide thy labors from thy view.

Oft, alas ! thou hast to bear  
 Sufferings more than tongue can tell ;  
 Thy oppressor will not spare,  
 But delights thy griefs to swell ;  
 Oft thy back the scourge has felt,  
 Then to God thou'st raised the cry  
 That the tyrant's heart he'd melt  
 Ere thou should'st in tortures die.

Injured sister, well we know  
 That thy lot in life is hard ;  
 Sad thy state of toil and wo,  
 From all blessedness debarred .  
 While each sympathizing heart  
 Pities thy forlorn distress ;  
 We would sweet relief impart,  
 And delight thy soul to bless.

And what lies within our power  
 We most cheerfully will do,  
 That will haste the blissful hour  
 Fraught with news of joy to you ;  
 And when comes the happy day  
 That shall free our captive friend,  
 When Jehovah's mighty sway  
 Shall to slavery put an end :

Then, dear sister, we with thee  
 Will to heaven direct our voice ;  
 Joyfully with voices free  
 We'll in lofty strains rejoice ;  
 Gracious God ! thy name we'll bless,  
 Hallelujah evermore,  
 Thou hast heard in righteousness,  
 And our sister's griefs are o'er.

## Manhood.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Tune, "Our Warrior's Hearts," page 120.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that;  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor, for a' that;  
 For a' that and a' that;  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd, for a' that,

What though on homely fare we dine,  
 Wear odden gray and a' that,  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that;  
 The honest man tho' e'er so poor,  
 Is king o' men for a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,  
 As come it will, for a- that,  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that,  
 That man to man, the world all o'er  
 Shall brother's be, for a' that.

Terms explained :—*Gowd*—gold.*Hoddan*—homespun, or mean*Gree*—honor, or victory.

## The Poor Voter's Song.

Air, "Lucy Long."

They knew that I was poor,  
 And they thought that I was base;  
 They thought that I'd endure  
 To be covered with disgrace;  
 They thought me of their tribe,  
 Who on filthy lucre doat,  
 So they offered me a bribe  
 For my vote, boys! my vote!

O shame upon my betters,  
 Who would my conscience buy !  
 But I'll not wear their fetters,  
 Not I, indeed, not I !

My vote ? It is not mine  
 To do with as I will ;  
 To cast, like pearls, to swine,,  
 To these wallowers in ill.  
 It is my country's due,  
 And I'll give it, while I can,  
 To the honest and the true,  
 Like a man, like a man !  
 O shame, &c.

No, no, I'll hold my vote,  
 As a treasure and a trust,  
 My dishonor none shall quote,  
 When I'm mingled with the dust ;  
 And my children when I'm gone,  
 Shall be strengthened by the thought,  
 That their father was not one  
 To be bought, to be bought !  
 O shame, &c.

### The Flying Slave.

FROM THE BANGOR GAZETTE.

AIR :—“ *To Greece we give our shining blades.*”

The night is dark, and keen the air,  
 And the Slave is flying to be free ;  
 His parting word is one short prayer :  
 Oh God, but give me Liberty !  
 Farewell—farewell :  
 Behind I leave the whips and chains,  
 Before me spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

One star shines in the heavens above  
 That guides him on his lonely way ;—  
 Star of the North—how deep his love  
 For thee, thou star of Liberty !  
 Farewell—farewell :  
 Behind he leaves the whips and chains,  
 Before him spreads sweet Freedom's plains.

**For the Election.**

*TUNE:—“Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled.”*  
 Ye who know and do the right,  
 Ye who cherish honor bright,  
 Ye who worship love and light,  
     Choose your side to-day.  
 Succor Freedom, now you can,  
 Voting for an honest man;  
 Let not slavery’s blight and ban,  
     On your ballot lay.

Boasts your vote no higher aim,  
 Than between two blots of shame  
 That would stain our country’s  
     fame,

Just to choose the least?  
 Let it sternly answer no!  
 Let it straight for Freedom go;  
 Let it swell the winds that blow  
     From the north and east.

Blot!—the smaller—is a curse  
 Blighting conscience, honor, purse;  
 Give us any, give the worse,  
     ’Twill be less endured.

Freemen, is it God who wills  
 You to choose, of foulest ills,  
 That which only latest kills?  
     No; he wills it cured,

Do your duty, He will aid;  
 Dare to vote as you have prayed;  
 Who e’re conquered, while his  
     blade

Served his open foes.  
 Right established, would you see?  
 Feel that you yourselves are free;  
 Strike for that which ought to be—  
     God will bless the blows.

**Hail the Day!**

*Wreath the Bowl*, or *“Yankee Doodle.”*  
 Hail the day  
     Whose joyful ray  
 Speaks of emancipation!  
     The day that broke  
     Oppression’s yoke—  
 The birth-day of a nation?

When England’s might  
 Put forth for right,

Achieved a fame more glorious  
     Than armies tried,  
     Or navies’ pride,  
 O’er land and sea victorious!

Soon may we gain  
     An equal name  
 In honor’s estimation!  
     And righteousness  
     Exalt and bless  
 Our glorious happy nation!

Brave hearts shall lend  
     Strong hands to rend  
 Foul slavery’s bonds asunder,  
     And liberty  
     Her jubilee  
 Proclaims, in tones of thunder

We hail afar  
     Fair freedom’s star,  
 Her day-star brightly glancing;  
     We hear the tramp  
     From freedom’s camp,  
 Assembling and advancing!

No noisy drum  
     Nor murderous gun,  
 No deadly fiends contending;  
     But love and right  
     Their force unite,  
 In peaceful conflict blending.

Fair freedom’s host,  
     In joyful boast,  
 Unfolds her banner ample!  
     With Channing’s fame,  
     And Whittier’s name,  
 And BIRNEY’s bright example!

Come join your hands  
     With freedom’s hands,  
 New England’s sons and daughters!  
     Speak your decree—  
     Man shall be free—  
 As mountain winds and waters!

And haste the day  
     Whose coming ray  
 Speaks our emancipation!  
     Whose glorious light,  
     Enthroning right,  
 Shall bless and save the nation!

(From the *Globe*.)

## The Ballot.

BY J. E. DOW.

Air, "Bonnie Doon," page 54.

Dread sovereign, thou! the chainless WILL—  
 Thy source the nation's mighty heart—  
 The ballot box thy cradle still—  
 Thou speak'st, and nineteen millions start;  
 Thy subjects, sons of noble sires,  
 Descendants of a patriot band—  
 Thy lights a million's household fires—  
 Thy daily walk, my native land.

And shall the safeguard of the free,  
 By valor won on gory plains,  
 Become a solemn mockery  
 While freemen breathe and virtue reigns?  
 Shall liberty be bought and sold  
 By guilty creatures clothed with power?  
 Is honor but a name for gold,  
 And PRINCIPLE A WITHERED FLOWER?

The parricide's accursed steel  
 Has pierced thy sacred sovereignty;  
 And all who think, and all who feel,  
 Must act or never more be free.  
 No party chains shall bind us here;  
 No mighty name shall turn the blow:  
 Then, wounded sovereignty, appear,  
 And lay the base apostates low.

The wretch, with hands by murder red,  
 May hope for mercy at the last;  
 And he who steals a nation's bread,  
 May have oblivion's statute passed.  
 But he who steals a sacred right,  
 And brings his native land to scorn,  
 Shall die a traitor in her sight,  
 With none to pity or to mourn.

## The Spirit of the Pilgrims.

Tune, "Be free, Oh man, be free," page 134

The spirit of the Pilgrims  
 Is spreading o'er the earth,  
 And millions now point to the land  
 Where Freedom had her birth:

Hark! Hear ye not the earnest cry  
 That peals o'er every wave?—  
 “God above,  
 In thy love,  
 O liberate the slave!”

Ye heard of trampled Poland,  
 And of her sons in chains,  
 And noble thoughts flashed through your minds  
 And fire flowed through your veins.  
 Then wherefore hear ye not the cry  
 That breaks o'er land and sea?—  
 “On each plain,  
 Rend the chain,  
 And set the captive free!”

Oh, think ye that our fathers,  
 (That noble patriot band,) Could now look down with kindling joy,  
 And smile upon the land?  
 Or would a trumpet-tone go forth,  
 And ring from shore to shore;—  
 “All who stand,  
 In this land,  
 Shall be free for evermore!”

Great God, inspire thy children,  
 And make thy creatures just,  
 That every galling chain may fall,  
 And crumble into dust:  
 That not one soul throughout the land  
 Our fathers died to save,  
 May again,  
 By fellow-men,  
 Be branded as a Slave!

### What Mean Ye?

TUNE—“Ortonville.”

What mean ye that ye bruise and bind  
 My people, saith the Lord,  
 And starve your craving brother's mind,  
 Who asks to hear my word?

What mean ye that ye make them toil,  
 Through long and dreary years,  
 And shed like rain upon your soil  
 Their blood and bitter tears?

What mean ye, that ye dare to rend  
 The tender mother's heart ?  
 Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,  
 How dare you bid them part ?

What mean ye when God's bounteous hand,  
 To you so much has given,  
 That from the slave who tills your land,  
 Ye keep both earth and heaven ?

When at the judgment God shall call,  
 Where is thy brother ? say,  
 What mean ye to the Judge of all  
 To answer on that day ?

**Hymn for Children.**

AIR :—“ *Miss Lucy Long.*”

BY W. S. ABBOTT.

While we are happy here,  
 In joy and peace and love,  
 We'll raise our hearts, with holy fear  
 To thee, great God, above.

God of our infant hours !  
 The music of our tongues,  
 The worship of our nobler powers,  
 To thee, to thee belongs.

The little, trembling slave  
 Shall feel our sympathy ;  
 O God, ! arise with might to save  
 And set the captive free.

No parent's holy care  
 Provides for him repose,  
 But oft the hot and briny tear,  
 In sorrow freely flows,

The God of Abraham praise;  
 The curse he will remove ;  
 The slave shall welcome happy days,  
 With liberty and love.

Pray without ceasing, pray,  
 Ye saints of God Most High,  
 That all who hail this glorious day,  
 May have their liberty.

**Liberty Glee.**TUNE :—“*The Pirate’s Glee.*”

March on! march on! we love the Liberty flag,  
 That’s waving o’er our land;  
 As fearless as the eagle soaring  
 O’er the cloud-capped mountain crag.  
 Slavery in terror flies before us;  
 We fling our banner to the blast;  
 It there shall float triumphant o’er us,  
 We will defend it to the last.

March on! march on, &amp;c.

Vote on! vote on, we hail the Liberty flag,  
 That leads us on our way;  
 We’ll boldly vote, our country saving,  
 And bravely conquer while we may.  
 The world is up—for freedom moving,  
 The thunders’ distant roar we hear—  
 From land to land the free are calling,  
 And slaves with joy and rapture hear.

Vote on! vote on, &amp;c.

**March on! March on!**TUNE :—“*The Pirate’s Glee.*”

March on! march on, ye friends of freedom for all,  
 For truth and right contend;  
 Be ever ready at humanity’s call,  
 Till tyrant’s power shall end.  
 The proud slave-holders rule the nation,  
 The people’s groans are loud and long;  
 Arouse, ye men, in every station,  
 And join to crush the power of wrong.—March on, etc.  
 Fight on! fight on, ye brave till victory’s won,  
 And justice shall prevail;  
 Till all shall feel the rays of liberty’s sun,  
 Streaming o’er hill and dale.  
 The tyrants know their guilt and tremble,  
 The glowing light of truth they fear;  
 Then let them all their hosts assemble,  
 And Slavery’s dreadful sentence hear.  
 Fight on! fight on, &c.

Roll on! roll on, ye brave, the liberty car,  
 Our country’s name to save;  
 Soon shall our land be known to nations afar,  
 As the home of the free and brave.  
 The voice of freemen loud hath spoken,  
 A brighter day we soon shall see;  
 When Slavery’s chains shall all be broken,  
 And all the captive millions free.  
 Roll on, roll on, &c.

# APPENDIX.

## FUGITIVE'S TRIUMPH.

Parody by Tucker.

Music by Pax.



1. Go, go, thou that enslav'st me, Now, now thy power is o'er; Long, long
2. Thou, thou, brought'st me ever, Deep, deep sorrow and pain; But I
3. Tyrant! thou hast bereft me Home, friends, pleasures so sweet, Now,

[Now]



have I obeyed thee, I'm not a slave any more—No, no—oh, no!  
have left thee forever, Nor will I serve the again—No, no—oh, no!  
forever I've left thee, Thou and I never shall meet—No, no—oh, no!



I'm a *free man* ever - more!  
No, I'll not serve thee a - gain.  
Thou and I never shall meet.



IV.  
Joys, joys, bright as the morning,  
Now, now, on me will pour,  
Hope, hope, on me is dawning,  
*I'm not a slave any more!*  
No, no—oh, no,  
I'm a **FREE MAN** evermore!

## THE SLAVE'S WAIL.

Parody by Jesse Hutchinson.

Old Air—"Over the mountain."



1. { O - ver the mountain and o - ver the meor,  
 { The father—the mother—the children, are poor,  
 Give us our free - dom—ye friends of E - quality,



2. { Call us not ig - no - rant, vile and de - graded,  
 { Parents and children— the young and the aged,  
 Give us our freedom—ye friends of E - quality,

3. { God in His mercy will crown your en - deavor,  
 { The promise of Jesus to you shall be given,  
 Give us our freedom— ye friends of Hu - manity,



Comes the sad wailing of many a poor slave; }  
 And they sigh for the day they their freedom shall have. }  
 Give us our Rights—for we ask noth - ing more.

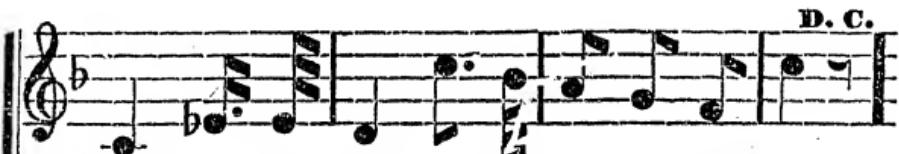
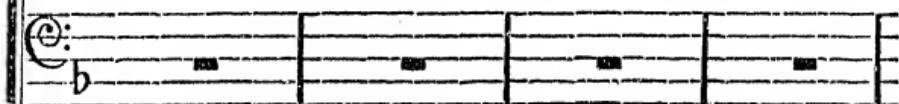


White men have robbed us of all we hold dear, }  
 Are scourg'd by the lash of the rough O - ver - seer. }  
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.

The blessings of Hea - ven shall be your re - ward, }  
 En - ter, ye faith - ful, the joy of your Lord. }  
 Give us our Rights, for we ask noth - ing more.



Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,  
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Hu - man - i - ty,  
 Pi - ty, oh pi - ty, ye friends of Christian - i - ty,



Cold is the world to the cries of God's Poor.  
 Cold, &c.  
 Cold, &c.



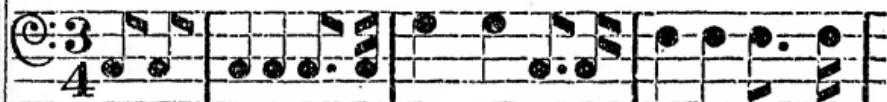
## HELP! O HELP!

*Tenderly.*

G. W. C.



1. Help! O help! thou God of Christians! Save a mother from des-
2. From my arms by force they're rended, Sailors drag them to the
3. There my son lies pale and bleeding; Fast with cords his hands are



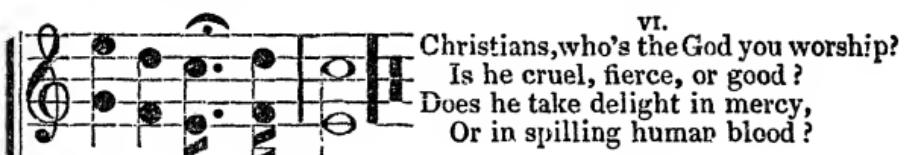
4. See his little sister by him, Quaking, trembling, how she
5. Hear the little daughter begging—Take me, white men, for your



pair; Cru-el white men steal my children, God of sea— Yonder ship at an-chor rid-ing, Swift will bound; See the ty-rants, how they scourge him; See his

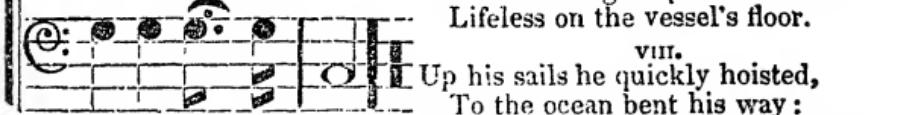


lies! Drops of blood her face be-sprinkle—Tears of own; Spare! O spare my dari-ing brother! He's my



VI. Christians, who's the God you worship?  
Is he cruel, fierce, or good?  
Does he take delight in mercy,  
Or in spilling human blood?

Christians! hear my prayer. "Ah! my poor distracted mother!  
car-ry them a-way. Hear her scream upon the shore!"  
sides a reek-ing wound. Down the savage captain struck her  
Lifeless on the vessel's floor.



VII. Up his sails he quickly hoisted,  
To the ocean bent his way:  
anguish fill her eyes. Headlong plunged the raving mother  
mother's on-ly son. From a rock into the sea.

**The Slave's Address.****I.**

Natives of a land of glory,  
Daughters of the good and brave!  
Hear the injured Negro's story ;—  
*Hear and help* the kneeling Slave.

**II.**

Think how nought but death can sever  
*Your* lov'd children from your hold ;—  
Still alive, but lost for ever—  
*Ours are parted, bought and sold!*

**III.**

Seize, oh ! seize the favoring season—  
Scorning censure or applause ;  
Justice, Truth, Religion, Reason  
Are your leaders in the cause !

**IV.**

Follow !—faithful, firm, confiding ;—  
Spread our wrongs from shore to shore ;  
Mercy's God your efforts guiding,  
Slavery shall be known no more.

## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

Longfellow.

Bavaria—German Air.

1. Loud he sang the psalm of David! He a ne - gro and en -  
 Sang of Israel's glorious vict'ry, Sang of Zion, bright and  
 In a voice so sweet and clear That I could not choose but

Fine.

slaved, }  
 free. } In that hour, when night is calmest, Sang he  
 hear.

II.

Songs of triumph and ascriptions  
 Such as reach'd the swart Egyptians,  
 When upon the Red Sea coast  
 Perished Pharaoh and his host.  
 And the voice of his devotion  
 Fill'd my soul with strange emotion,  
 For its tones by turns were glad,  
 Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

from the Hebrew Psalmist,

III.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
 D.C. Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,  
 And an earthquake's arm of might  
 Broke their dungeon-gates at night.  
 But, alas, what holy angel  
 Brings the slave this glad evang'l?  
 And what earthquake's arm of might  
 Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

## Appeal to Woman.

## I.

Sister ! were thy brother bleeding,  
 Shedding slavery's scalding tear,  
 If for him we now came pleading,  
 Should we meet the cruel sneer ?  
 Daughter ! were thy parent weeping,  
 Clanking now the iron chain,  
 Should we come and find thee sleeping,—  
 Rouse thee, but to plead in vain ?

## II.

Mother ! were thy nursling taken  
 From thee by a ruffian hand,  
 Should we find thee now unshaken  
 Hear thee say,—“ ‘Tis God’s command !”  
 Could thou see thy loved and chosen—  
 Thy fond husband sold for gain,  
 Thou wouldest deem that bosom frozen,  
 That should heedless know thy pain.

## III.

Why then loiter, freedom’s daughter !  
 Hear ye not the plaintive tone,  
 Wafted from the field of slaughter ?  
 ‘Tis a sister’s dying moan ?  
 Sisters ! Mothers ! lift your voices,  
 Join, the cursed chain to break ;  
 Onward, till the slave rejoices,  
 Freed from bondage : wake—oh ! wake.

## MY COUNTRY.

Tune—"God save the King," or "America."



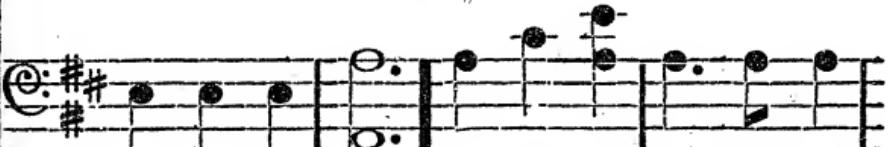
1. My country, 'tis for thee, Dark land of slavery,
2. My na - tive country! thee, Land of the noble free—
3. From ev - 'ry mountain side, Upon the ocean's tide,



4. Arise! break every band, And sound throughout this land.
5. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of li - ber - ty,



For thee I weep; Land where the slave has sighed,  
Of lib - er - ty— My na - tive coun - try, weep!  
They call on thee; A - mid thy rocks and rills,



Sweet Free - dom's song: No groans their song shall break,  
To thee we pray: Soon may our land be pure,



And where he toiled and died, To serve a  
A fast in sor - row keep; The stain is  
Thy woods and tem - plied hills, I hear a



But all that breathe par - take, And slaves their  
Let Free - dom's light en - dure, And lib - er -

ty - rant's pride— For thee I weep.  
foul and deep Of sla - ve - ry.  
voice which thrills— Let all go free.

si - lence break— The sound pro - long.  
all se - cure, Be - neath thy sway.

### The Liberty Army.

Our brother, lo ! we come !  
But not with sounding drum  
We come to thee.  
No bloody flag we bear ;  
No implements of war  
Nor carnage red shall mar  
Our victory.

Our flag is spotless white,  
Our watch-word, " Freedom's Right  
To all be given."  
Our emblem is the dove,  
Our weapons, Truth and Love,  
Our Captain, God above,  
Who rules in Heaven:

Behold ! Salvation's King  
On the dark tempest's wing  
In haste comes down.  
Oppression's cheek is pale,  
And despots blanch and quail ;—  
The parting clouds reveal  
Jehovah's frown!

Exult ye valleys now!  
Ye melting mountains flow  
To meet your King!  
Let Slavery's knell be rung!  
Oppression's dirge be sung!  
And every bondman's tongue  
Of freedom sing!

### Spirit of Freemen, Awake !

Spirit of Freemen, wake ;  
No truce with slavery make,  
Thy deadly foe ;  
In fair disguises dress'd,  
Too long hast thou caress'd  
The serpent in thy breast ;  
Now lay him low.

Sons of the free ! we call  
On you, in field and hall,  
To rise as one ;  
Your heav'n-born rights maintain  
Nor let oppression's chain  
On human limbs remain ;  
Speak, and 'tis done.

## FREEMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.\*

Tune—"Watchman, tell us of the Night."

*Question.*

1. Free - man, tell us of the night, What its
2. Free - man, tell us of the night, Does its

3. Free - man, shall our fet - ter'd race Cease to

*Answer.*

signs of prom - ise are: Bond - man - lo! Brit - tan - nia's  
star ap - proach our land? Bond - man - mark yon dawn - ing

wear the gall - ing chain? Bond - man - lo! the God of

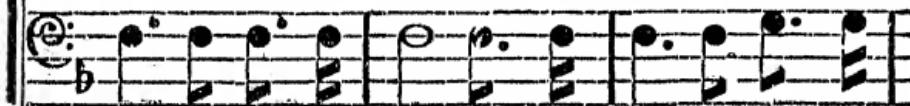
*Question.*

light! Free - dom's glo - ry beam - ing star! Free - man!  
light! Lo! the break - ing day's at hand; Free - man!

\* To be sung, when practicable, responsively, or as a Dialogue.



do its bless - ed rays Prom - ise good to slaves like  
can these beams a - lone Bid our dread - ful bond - age



can it—can it be? Shall we share thy glo - rious

*Answer.*



me? Bond - man! yes, its glo - rious blaze Lights your  
cease? Bond - man! God is on the throne, He will



name? Bond - man! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy

*All join.*



path to lib - er - ty. Bond - man! yes, its glo - rious  
bring thee quick re - lease. Bond - man! God is on the



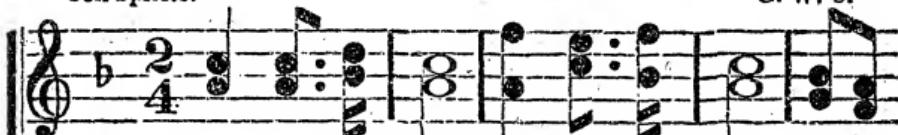
great de - liv - rer's fame. Bond - man! yes, thou shalt be

blaze Lights your path to lib - er - ty.  
throne, He will bring thee quick re - lease.  
free —Spread thy great de - liv - rer's name.

## COME AND HELP THE CAUSE TO DAY.

Con Spirto.

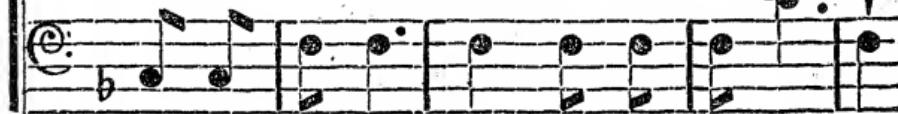
G. W. C.



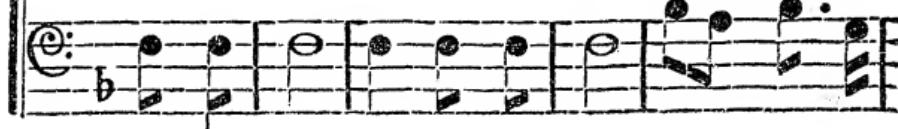
1. Come, vo - ters, come! Trumpet and drum! Morn -  
 4. Rise! vo - ters, rise! Lift to the skies! O'er

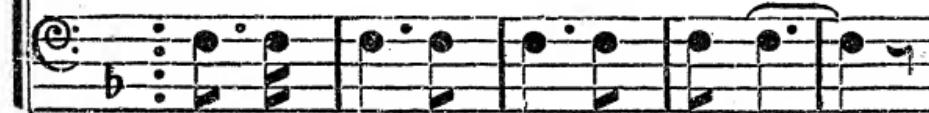


ing is break-ing! Free - dom a - waking! 2. Hark!  
 o'er earth - y sadness! Songs of your gladness! 5. Then



hark! the sound! Echoes a-round! Come, come a -  
 as they roll! Quick to the poll! Haste, haste a -





Ev' - ry lip a wel - come sing - ing,  
All as with one soul u - ni - ting-

Come, and help the cause to day.  
Come, and help the cause to day.

## THE BRANDED HAND\*

Words by Whittier.

Music by G. W. C.



1. Welcome home a - gain, brave sea - man! With thy thoughtful
2. Why, that brand is bright - est hon - or!— Than its tra - ces
3. As the tem - plar home was welcom'd, Back from Sy -
4. He suf - fer'd for the ran - som Of the dear Re -
5. In thy lone and long night watch-es, Sky a - bove and
6. That he, who treads pro-fane - ly On the scrolls of
7. Then lift thy man - ly right hand, Bold ploughman
8. Hold it up be - fore our sun-shine, Up a - gainst our



brow and grey, And the old he - ro - ic spi - rit, Of our  
 nev - er yet Up - on old ar - mo - rial hatchments Was a  
 ri - an wars, The scars of A - rab lan - ces, And of  
 deem-er's grave, Thou for His bleed-ing presence In the



wave be - low, Thou didst learn a high - er wis-dom Than the  
 law and creed, In the depths of God's great goodness May find  
 of the wave! Its brand - ed palm shall proph - e - cy "Sal -  
 North-ern air— Ho! men of Mas - sa - chu-setts, For the

\* JONATHAN WALKER, a citizen of Massachusetts, returning from Florida, on the high seas took on board his ship, and befriended some poor fugitives escaping from the horrors of slavery. For this humane act he was imprisoned at Pensacola, Florida, made to pay a fine, put in the stocks, pelted with eggs, and at last the letters "S. S" branded into the living flesh of his right hand, with a hot iron. These lines were addressed to him by Whittier, on his return home.



ear - lier, bet - ter day—With that brow of calm en -  
proud - er bla - zon set; And thy un - born gen - er -  
Pay - nim scim - e - tars, The pal - lor of the  
bound and bleed-ing slave; He for a soil no



bab - bling school men know; God's stars and si - lence  
mer - cy in his need: But wo to him that  
ya - tion to the Slave!" Hold up its fire-wrought  
love of God look there! Take it hence - forth for your



du - rance, On whose stea - dy nerve in vain Press'd the  
a - tions, As they crowd our rock - y strand, Shall tell  
pris - on, And the shackle's crim - son span, So we  
long - er By the feet of an - gels trod, Thou



taught thee As His an - gels on - ly can, That, the  
crush - es The soul with chain and rod, And  
lan - guage, That who - so reads may feel His  
standard— Like Bruce's heart of yore, In the



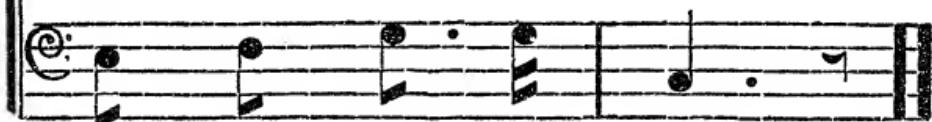
i - ron of the pris - on, smote the  
 with pride the sto - ry of their  
 meet thee, so we greet thee, tru -  
 for the true She - chi - na, the



one, sole sa - cred thing be - neath the  
 herds with low - er na - ture the  
 heart swell strong with - in him, his  
 dark strife clo - sing round ye, let that



fie - ry shafts of pain!  
 FA - THER'S BRAND - ED HAND!  
 est friend of God and man!  
 pres - ent home of God!



cope of heaven is man!  
 aw - ful form of God!  
 sin - ews change to steel.  
 hand be seen be fore!

## I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE!

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

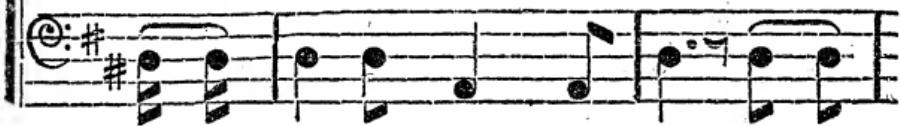
Music by G. W. C.



1. I dream of all things free!  
 2. I dream of some proud bird,  
 3. Of a happy for - est child,



Of a gal - lant, gal - lant bark, That  
 A bright-eyed moun - tain king; In  
 With the fawns and flowers at play; Of



sweeps thro' the storm at sea, Like an  
 my vis - ions I have heard The  
 an In - dian midst the wild, With the



ar - row to its mark! Of a  
 rust - ling of his wing. I fol -  
 stars to guide his way: Of a

stag that o'er the hills Goes  
 low some wild riv - er, On whose  
 chief his war - riors lead - ing, Of an

bound - ing in his glee; Of a  
 breast no sail may be; Dark woods  
 arch - er's green wood tree— My heart

thou - sand flash - ing rills - . . .  
 a - round it shiv - er - . . .  
 in chains is bleed - ing, . . .

Of all things glad and free. Of  
 I dream of all things free. I  
 And I dream of all things free. And I

all things glad and free.  
 dreams of all things free.  
 dreams of all things free.

## “HOLY TIME.”

“The Sabbath was made for man.”

Tune—“Somerville.”

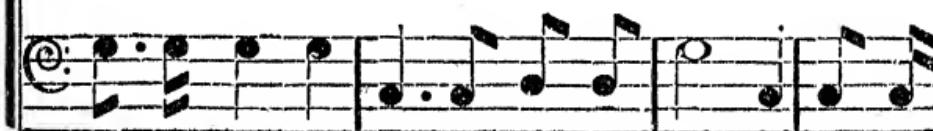
1. What's 'ho - ly time?' What's 'ho - ly time?' There is no
2. To raise the bond-man from the dust, Where he hath
3. The light of home a - gain to shed O'er many a

time too pure To win the er - ring back from crime,  
 suf - fer'd long, To bid him hope with joy - ful trust,  
 drea - ry hearth ; To raise once more the tones long fled—

The wav'-ring to se - cure; To whis-per to the  
 Take courage, and be strong; To pledge to him our  
 The tones of joy and mirth. For this the Sab-bath's



doubt-ing soul, 'The tempting draught beware ! Touch not, touch  
heart and hand, That firm - ly by his side, Shoulder to  
hours were given, For this was it de - sign'd, That we there-



not the sparkling bowl—Touch not—for death is there?  
shoulder we will stand, As brethren true and tried.  
in might wor-ship Heaven, By toil - ing for man - kind.



## NEVER GIVE UP!.

Words by Tupper—author of "The Crock of Gold."

Music by G. W. C.

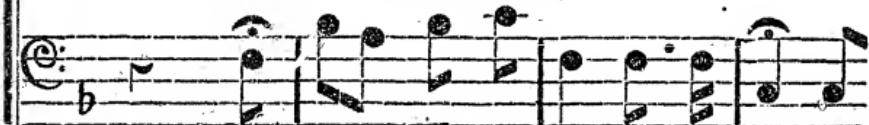
1. Nev - er! nev - er give up! it is wi - ser  
 2. Nev - er! nev - er give up! there are chan - ces  
 3. Nev - er! nev - er give up! tho' the grape - shot

and bet - ter, Al - ways to hope than once to  
 and changes, Help - ing the hope - ful a hundred  
 may rat - tie, On the full thunder-cloud o - ver

de - spair; Fling off the load of doubt's canker-ing to one, And thro' the cha - os, high Wisdom ar you burst, Stand like a rock, and the storm or the



fet - ter, And break the dark spell of ty - ran - ni -  
ran - ges Ev - er suc-cess—if you'll on - ly  
bat - tle Lit - tle shall harm you, tho' do - ing



cal care: Nev - er! nev - er give up! or the  
hope on: Nev - er! nev - er give up! for the  
their worst: Nev - er! nev - er give up! if ad -

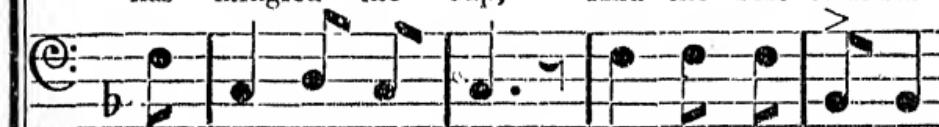


bur - den may sink you. Prov - i - dence kind - ly  
wi - sest is bold-est, Know-ing that Prov - i  
ver - si - ty press - es Prov - i - dence wise - ly

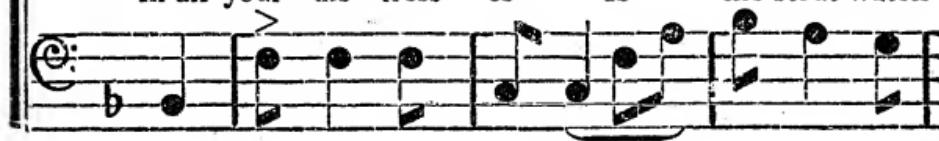




has mingled the cup, And in all tri - als  
 dence mingles the cup, And of all max-ims  
 has mingled the cup, And the best coun-sel



or trou-bles be - think you, The watchword of  
 the best as the old-est, Is the true watch-  
 in all your dis - tress - es Is the stout watch-



life must be nev - er! nev - er give up!  
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!  
 word of nev - er! nev - er give up!



## TO-NIGHT!

Slow.

G. W. C.



1. To - night the bond - man, Lord, Is bleed - ing in his chains ; And  
 2. To - night is heard the shriek Of pain and an - guish wild ; And



3. To-night, with stealthy tread, While doors and locks are barr'd, The



loud the fall - ing lash is heard, On Car - o - li - na's plains ?  
 one by one her heart - strings break, As Ra - chel mourns her child !



slave devours the crumb of bread, The dogs left in the yard !

## IV.

To-night, in swamp or brake, Whilst he pursues his flight  
 The fugitive, Oh God ! [track, With bleeding heart and limb—  
 Hears baying blood-hounds on his Shall we petition Thee, to-night,  
 Eager to drink his blood ! And not remember him ?

## V.

Oh, may no cloud arise O God ! do thou provide,  
 To hide the Pole-star's ray, And sure assistance give ;  
 Which smiles, and beckons from the And in thy dark pavilion hide,  
 "—cheer him on his way. [skies. The trembling fugitive.

## VI.

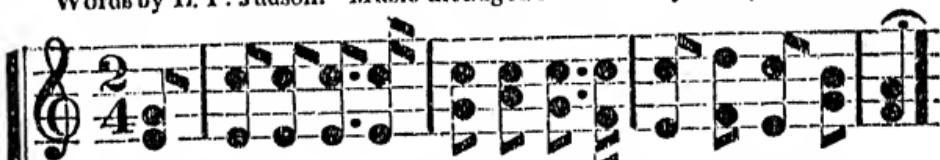
Whilst he pursues his flight  
 With bleeding heart and limb—  
 Shall we petition Thee, to-night,  
 And not remember him ?

## VII.

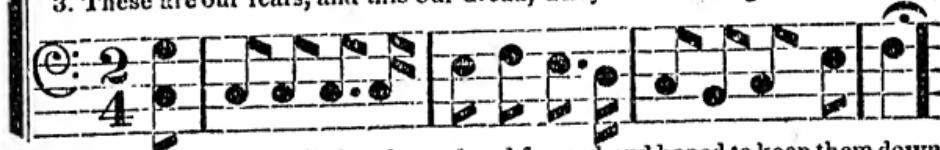
O God ! do thou provide,  
 And sure assistance give ;

## SLAVEHOLDER'S LAMENT.

Words by L. P. Judson. Music arranged from "Lucy Neal," by G. W. C.



1. What shall we do ? Slaveholders cry, O'erwhelmed with dreadful grief,
2. We preach and print in every mood, And rob the "ne - gro pen,"
3. These are our fears, and this our dread, They're based on grounds too true,



4. We've worked and toiled, and raved and foamed, and hoped to keep them down
5. What shall we do ? O what, say what ? Our foes in - crease and rise,



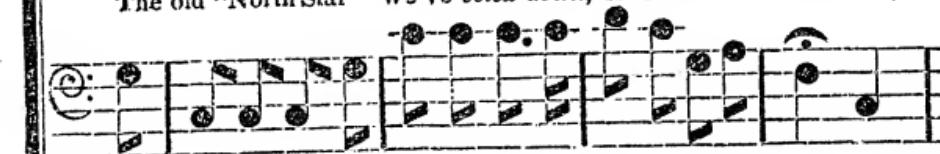
Slave - ry we fear must quick - ly die, Un - less we find re - lief.  
 Railroads and stages through the wood, take "things" and make them men ;  
 That slave - ry soon must yield its head, And van - ish like the dew ;



By prayers to Congress snugly room'd, Unread, referr'd, or known ;  
 Old Slave - ry reels ! the fe - ver's hot—She pants—she gasps—she dies,



Fa - nat - ies labor night and day, The North is in a blaze, While  
 But worst of all, the Birney crew Seem reckless of our fate—Of  
 The old "North Star" we've voted down, And told him not to shine, But



We've robb'd the mail, and taken lives, And then to fright the rest, We've  
 What shall we do ? We'll give it up, And with the North agree, To

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in G clef and the bottom staff is in C clef. Both staves use a common time signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. Below the staves is a block of text in a serif font.

in the South young CASSIUS CLAY Fears not his voice to raise,  
all the acts we've seen them do, The vote's the thing we hate.  
still he gives Victoria's crown These "things" from Southern clime.

(C.)

brandished rifles, bowie-knives, "cold steel and Dupont's best."  
To take the draught from freedom's cup, LET ALL MANKIND BE FREE.

**Liberty Meetings.\***

Air—"Old Granite State," page 173.

Here we've had a cordial greeting,  
 And we've had a thrilling meeting,  
 And our labour here completing

    We'll seek the next town,  
 From town to town we'll battle,  
 From town to town we'll battle,  
 From town to town we'll battle,  
     Until slavery's beat down.

But we leave here faithful legions,  
 To defend these conquer'd regions,  
 And to keep the battle raging,  
     In all the towns about,  
 Here you'll guard the fortress, &c,  
     And put the foe to rout.

Now the churches must awaken,  
 The state must now be shaken,  
 And a mighty stride be taken,  
     Toward the truth and the light ;  
 And all must fear and tremble, &c.  
     Who refuse to do the right.

Now we'll give the foe no quarter,  
 At the ballot-box or altar,—  
 She is Babylon's foul daughter,  
     And our work, it must not pause,  
 And we'll fight for freedom, &c.  
     True religion and just laws,

\* To be sung at the close of anti-slavery meetings or conventions.

**Raise a Shout for Liberty.**

Air—"Old Granite State," page 173.

Come all ye sons and daughters,  
 Raise a shout from freedom's quarters,  
 Like the voice of many waters,

    Let it echo through the land :  
     And let all the people,  
     And let all the people,  
     And let all the people,  
     Raise a shout for liberty

We have long been benighted,  
 And the cause of freedom slighted,  
 But we now are all united  
     To reform our native land ;  
     And we mean to conquer, (*Repeat*)  
     With a shout for liberty !

Let us raise a song of gladness,  
 To subdue the tyrant's madness,  
 Let us cheer the bondman's sadness,  
     With the chorus of the free ;  
     And let all the people, &c.  
     Raise a shout for liberty !

Let Liberty awaken,  
 And never be forsaken,  
 Till the enemy is taken,  
     And the victory is won :—  
     Then will all the people, &c.  
     Raise a shout for liberty !

Come and join our holy mission,  
 Whatsoever your condition,  
 Let each honest politician,  
     Come and labor for the slave,  
     We will bid you welcome, &c.  
     With a shout for liberty !

With the flag of freedom o'er us,  
 And the light of truth before us,  
 Let all freemen raise the chorus,  
     And the nation shall be free,  
     Then will all the people, &c.  
     Raise a shout for liberty.

Then spread the proclamation,  
 Throughout this guilty nation,  
 And let every habitation  
     Be a dwelling of the free !  
     And let all the people, &c.  
     Raise a SHOUT FOR LIBERTY .

# INDEX.

---

	PAGE
Am I not a Man and Brother ?	56
Am I not a Sister ?	57
Afric's Dream	20
A Beacon has been lighted	74
A vision	142
Are ye truly Free ?	126
A Tribute to departed worth	152
 Brothers be Brave for the pining Slave	26
Blind Slave Boy	37
Bereaved Father	10
Birney and Liberty	129
Ballot-Box	130
Be free ! O man, be free !	134
Break every yoke	159
Be kind to each other	166
 Comfort in affliction	44
Clarion of Freedom	80
Come join the Abolitionists	96
Comfort for the bondmen	108
Come and see the works of God	109
Christian Mother	131
 Domestic Bliss	31
 Emancipation Song	146
Fugitive Slave to the Christian	34
Fourth of July	88
Freedom's Gathering	164
Friend of the Friendless	103
 Gone ! gone, sold and gone	5
Get off the Track	144
 Heard ye that Cry ?	48
How long ! O, how long !	33
Hark ! I hear a sound of anguish	24
Hail the day !	180
Hark ! a voice from Heaven	110
Holy freedom	120
Harbinger of Liberty	148
Hymn for 'children	183

I would not live alway	59
I am Monarch of naught I survey	18
Liberty battle Song	128
Light of Truth	149
Liberty Glee	184
Manhood	178
My child is gone	43
March to the Battle-field	115
Myron Holly	77
March on ! march on !	184
Negro Boy sold for a watch	16
O Pity the Slave Mother	32
Our Pilgrim Fathers	60
Our Countrymen in chains!	76
On to Victory	83
Our Countrymen are dying	94
O Charity !	101
Oft in the chilly night	117
Ode to James G. Birney	150
Prayer for the Slave	52
Pilgrim Song	86
Praise and Prayer	167
Poor Voter's Song	178
Quadroon Maiden	29
Remembering God is just	53
Rise ! Freeman rise !	73
Rouse up, New England !	70
Remember me	73
Sleep on, my Child	49
Song of the Coffle gang	22
Slave's Wrongs	40
Stanzas for the times	63
Slave Boy's Wish	9
Slave Girl mouraing her Father	12
Slave Mother and her babe	13
Strike for liberty	82
Sing me a triumph Song	91
Song of the Free	118

Stolen we were	140
The law of love	100
The fugitive	54
The poor little slave	45
The Bereaved Mother	46
The Negro's appeal	14
The Strength of tyranny	36
To those I Love	66
The Bondman	87
The man for me	84
The Mercy-Seat	102
The pleasant land we love	112
The freed Slave	114
The Liberty Flag	114
The Liberty party	132
The last night of Slavery	136
The Little Slave Girl	138
The Liberty Voter's Song	154
The Liberty Ball	156
The Trumpet of Freedom	157
The Slave's Lamentation	168
The Stranger and his Friend	170
That's my Country	127
The flying Slave	179
The Election	180
The Ballot	181
The Spirit of the Pilgrims	181
The Ballot-Box	130
Voice of New England	78
Wake sons of the Pilgrims	92
What means that sad and dismal Look	8
We're coming, We're coming	68
Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims	92
We are Come, all Come	99
We're for Freedom through the Land	173
We are all children of one Parent	167
Wake, Ye Numbers	104
What mean ye, that ye bruise and bind ?	182
We ask not Martial Glory	95
Ye Heralds of Freedom	58
Ye spirits of the Free	90
Ye Sons of Freemen	121
Yankee Girl	160
Zaza	50

## INDEX TO APPENDIX.

---

Appeal to Woman,	- - - - -	191
Come and help the cause to-day,	- - - - -	197
Fugitive's Triumph,	- - - - -	185
Freeman, tell us of the night,	- - - - -	194
Help ! O help !	- - - - -	188
Holy Time,	- - - - -	206
I dream of all things free,	- - - - -	203
Liberty Meetings,	- - - - -	214
My Country,	- - - - -	192
Never give up,	- - - - -	208
Raise a shout for Liberty,	- - - - -	214
Slave's wail,	- - - - -	186
Slave's address,	- - - - -	189
Spirit of Freemen, wake !	- - - - -	193
Slaveholder's Lament,	- - - - -	212
The Slave singing at midnight,	- - - - -	190
The Liberty Army,	- - - - -	193
The branded hand,	- - - - -	200
To-night,	- - - - -	211